

# The Grail

## A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

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### CONTENTS

EDITOR'S PAGE .....	293
STEPS TO THE ALTAR—(Poem) ... <i>Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.</i>	294
SYMBOLIC CLOUDS .....	<i>Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B.</i> 295
A THANKSGIVING EPISODE .....	<i>Mary Clark Jacobs</i> 297
THE HOME OF FATHER WILLIAM DOYLE, S. J..	<i>Louise M. Stacpoole Kenny</i> 299
THE HOUSE OF THE THREE LARCHES .....	<i>Mary E. Mannix</i> 303
CATHOLIC RURAL ACTION .....	<i>Rev. Leon A. McNeill</i> 307
QUESTIONINGS—(Poem) .....	<i>Paula Kurth</i> 310
CHARMS .....	<i>Marie Hardiman Kennedy</i> 311
MYSTICAL ROSE TREE OF JESUS IN JERUSALEM .....	<i>Dom Lambert Nolle, O. S. B.</i> 316
A DIAMOND JUBILEE .....	318
NOTES OF INTEREST .....	319
OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS .....	<i>Clare Hampton</i> 321
CHILDREN'S CORNER .....	<i>Agnes Brown Hering</i> 323
ABBEY AND SEMINARY .....	327
MAID AND MOTHER .....	<i>Clare Hampton</i> 328
DR. HELEN'S CONSULTING ROOM .....	<i>Helen Hughes Hielscher, M. D.</i> 333

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Holman Hunt

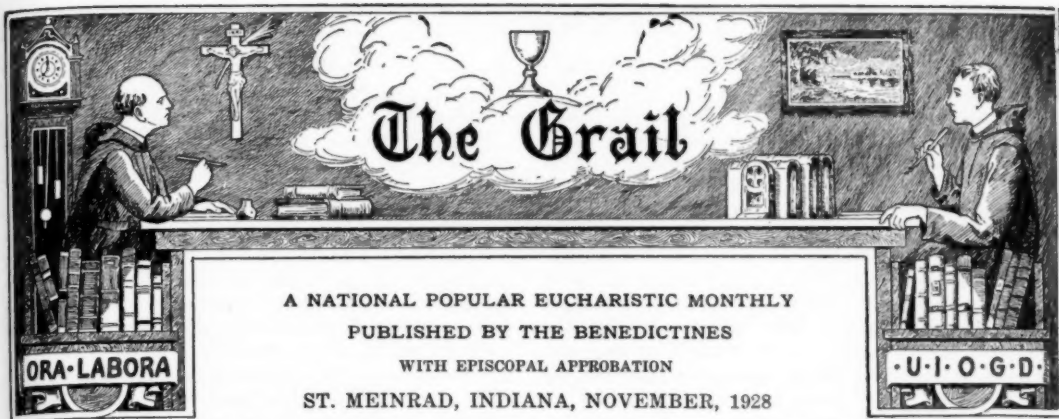
# ABOUT HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS

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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

### *Converts by Radio*

In the work of conversions to the Faith the Cathedral at Denver has long set an example of zeal that might well be imitated in many another church of our land. The fruits of the efforts put forth at Denver are very gratifying. Up to the present more than 1,000 converts have been received. During the past year, closing with September, fifty conversions had taken place.

A series of lectures explanatory of the faith is given once a week from September to June. Non-Catholics are cordially invited to attend these lectures which are delivered in the basement chapel of the Cathedral each Monday evening at 8:15. The question box and open forum are two of the features of these meetings—and no collection is taken up. At the first lecture this fall all the seats of the chapel were filled. Most non-Catholics are famished for want of spiritual food.

A powerful ally in the making of these converts has been the radio by means of which brief talks on religion were broadcast. The majority of the converts received last year admitted that it was by radio that they had gained their first knowledge of the Church.—The director of the Catholic Radio Society of Denver, Rev. Francis W. Walsh, has announced that lectures on religion will be broadcast again this year towards the latter part of November.

By all means let the radio purge the sin- and error-laden atmosphere with the holy Word of God. Let the radio serve as the handmaid of religion. Great good can be accomplished thereby, for the radio is an instrument of almost infinite possibilities. The radio broadcaster, it matters not what his topic, has an audience whose name is legion. The world sits at his feet and listens. His voice reaches out through endless space to the uttermost corners of the globe. His influence for good or for evil is world-wide. Yet mystery enshrouds the unpretentious radio and its truly wonderful results. How it can pick up the human voice and in the fraction of a second cause it to vibrate throughout the universe is marvelous and beyond the grasp of the understanding. By all means, let us press this wonder-

ful invention into the service of the God of the universe in order to bring the universe back to its rightful place at the feet of its Creator.

### *The Question Box*

A feature that has proved popular in many of our Catholic papers and magazines is the "Question Box," a column in which reasonable questions are asked and answered. According to the questions put, the "Question Box" may be of real service in imparting information, in solving doubts, and in clearing up difficulties in matters pertaining to religion.

Plans are now developing whereby we intend in the near future to add this feature to THE GRAIL for the benefit of our readers. For this purpose we have secured the services of Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B., of St. Benedict Abbey, Atchison, Kasas. During the past eight years Father Henry has been a very successful missionary, giving missions and retreats throughout the United States. We hope that our "Question Box" may prove both popular and beneficial to all our readers. The January number of THE GRAIL will very likely carry the first instalment of the new feature.

### *Error on the Air*

The radio, like an old gossip, blabs out everything you say in its presence. It is a wonderful invention both for the entertainment and the instruction of mankind. Untold millions of "listeners-in" may form the enormous audience that lends an ear to the individual speaker or group of entertainers. Examples of the former were numerous during the presidential campaign just closed, when, with a general "hook up," the whole nation perked up its ears to catch the words of the candidates that reverberated through space from pole to pole and circled the globe.

The radio has come to stay—it is now a permanent fixture. It may be a power for good or for evil. In the dissemination of doctrine it is equally impartial to truth and to error alike, no preference shown. Calling attention to one of the possible dangers lurking in the

radio for Catholics, the *Fortnightly Review*, in its issue for Oct. 1, says:

"Possibly few Catholics 'listen in' to denominational sermons upon the radio. If they do so, one may put it down to curiosity. But even though listening in to a radio sermon does not violate or incur censure under the canons of the Church, is it a harmless act in itself? Who shall say that there is no danger to faith and morals? Children listen in, for one thing, and it surely cannot be good for them. Young minds are very susceptible, and listening time and again to suggested doubts about matters of faith, without hearing the necessary answers to them, is poor preparation for rearing Catholic stalwarts. Most adults also take risks by doing so."

### *An Edifying Letter*

A recent letter to the editor from a patient in the St. Rose Home for Incurable Cancer, New York City, breathes an admirable spirit of resignation, Christian fortitude, conformity to the holy will of God, and joy. For the edification of our readers we quote several paragraphs:

"The writer . . . read in THE GRAIL of last month (July) about Sister Mary Annella, of the disease and patience she had during the two years of her illness.

"One of the Sisters here handed the magazine to me a few days ago, stating: 'This dear Sister certainly must be a saint to go through such agony as she did, and while reading about her, I thought of your cheerfulness too in spite of your condition and affliction.'"

The writer of the letter was injured by an automobile ten years ago. "Six years later," continues the letter, "cancer developed in the spine, and since then have suffered excruciating pain. Have been in the Home three years (June 16th). On Aug. 30, 1926, had a paralytic stroke, paralyzing my entire left side, from my eye down to the toes, and since then haven't been out of bed . . . Many times am asked how I can laugh and joke regardless of the torture I go through daily several hours. I say, as Sister Annella said, 'Our dear Lord gives me the grace to be patient and happy, although alone in this world, also strength to bear the cross He has placed upon my shoulders, because He never sends us a cross without the grace to bear it bravely.' I'm glad to suffer, He having died for the salvation of the whole world, and I hope that my pains may be as pleasing to Him as they are painful to me. Yes, I want to suffer because He will have it so, He whom I love with my whole heart."

### *Wants Secondhand Copy of Grail*

A request for THE GRAIL has come from a missionary in far-off Ceylon, Rev. Fr. V. R. Tarcisius, O. M. I., R. Catholic Mission, Talaimannar, Ceylon. The letter closes with this paragraph: "I shall be thankful to you if you could arrange with one of your subscribers to send me a secondhand copy of the 'Grail' free of charge. I am too poor a missionary, unable to pay the annual subscription." It will give us pleasure to place Father

Tarcisius on the subscription list. Who will volunteer the subscription? There are also other foreign missionaries who have asked a similar favor.

NOTE:—Since the above was written, a friend has volunteered to send THE GRAIL to Father Tarcisius.

From Umtata in South Africa a lady writes: "We've only had occasional copies of the Grail and only wish we could afford the subscription, which is impossible. Perhaps you know of some reader who would send me the Grail and I would send in exchange the Southern Cross, our one and only Catholic South African paper.

"Don't you know of some holy soul who would like to sponsor a South African native mission? How I envy the American nation their vast organization, etc., and the help which they can give the missions. I can only work and pray that help will be given to our priest. Fr. Emanuel has to start a native mission seven miles away, but the people here, Catholic and Protestant alike, do not approve of teaching religion to the natives. It must be heart-breaking to our priest who now has to serve twelve different districts besides the church, and there is barely sufficient income to meet working expenses, let alone salary for the priest. I nearly lost courage last week, but made a fresh start and am praying hard for help so that we can at least help to furnish the interior of the chapel . . . If you know of anyone who would care to correspond with me, I'd be more than grateful."

As man takes bread every day to feed his body, so he is invited to feed his soul every day with the Holy Communion, which is the Bread of life.—St. Augustine.

### *Steps to the Altar*

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

#### *23. Plentiful Redemption*

Upon the hill near the highway  
Bereaved ones reared a brazen Cross,  
Memorial of the grievous loss  
Of brave men slain in battle fray.

And on the Cross a Figure wrought  
In marble of choice Parian vein,  
Whose riven limbs tell of the pain  
Through which all souls by Christ were bought.

An altar has been placed before  
With cypress branch and sable light,  
If so to save from woeful plight  
All those now gone for evermore.

The Angelus peals o'er the hill  
And to that sign responsive come  
From distant farm and peasant home  
Old folk and young, hands from the mill.

The *Requiem* sung in solemn mood  
Speaks yet of comfort, life divine;  
And when are changed the Bread and Wine  
Glad sunshine floods the marble Rood.



## Symbolic Clouds

*Mayest thou be blessed in whose honor thou art to be burned.*—Missal

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

ED ALLEN was ushered into Father Gilbert's studio at the very moment when a number of callers were bidding farewell to the priest. Columns and circles of smoke were still in evidence to prove that the guests had not yet joined the brigade which had sworn vengeance to King Tobacco.

"I almost thought that I was entering a church after service," remarked Allen jestingly.

"The comparison is not happy because of the reverence due to the church," chided Father Gilbert mildly.

"Oh, I meant no irreverence, Father," came back quickly as an apology.

"Now, since you yourself broke the ice, let us betake ourselves in spirit to the church. At a Solemn High Mass, that is, when deacon and subdeacon assist the celebrant, incense is used immediately after the priest has finished the prayers at the foot of the altar. He has scarcely kissed the altar and recited the accompanying prayer when the deacon offers the incense boat and says: 'Benedicite, Pater Reverende — Thy blessing, Reverend Father.' But when he begs this blessing he has already kissed the incense spoon and the priest's hand. Throughout the whole Mass whenever the deacon offers anything to the priest, first he kisses the object and then the celebrant's hand, and whenever he receives anything from the celebrant he inverts the order of the ceremony. Blessing the incense, the priest employs the words: 'Mayest thou be blessed by Him in whose honor thou art to be burnt.' This blessing he pronounces whilst placing three small spoonfuls of incense into the censer. This done, he makes the sign of the cross over the fuming censer. Then the cru-

cifix, or in its stead the Blessed Sacrament, if exposed, is the first to receive the honor of incensation; secondly, if any relics rest on the altar, they are incensed next; thereupon the whole altar is given the same distinction, for the priest swings the censer over the altar table, towards the candlesticks as representing the back of the altar, towards the front, and finally towards the side of the altar; lastly the celebrant himself, as Christ's vicegerent at the Holy Sacrifice, gets the benefit of the same ceremony at the hands of the deacon."

"I notice, Father, you speak of an honor," Allen commented in a tone of inquiry.

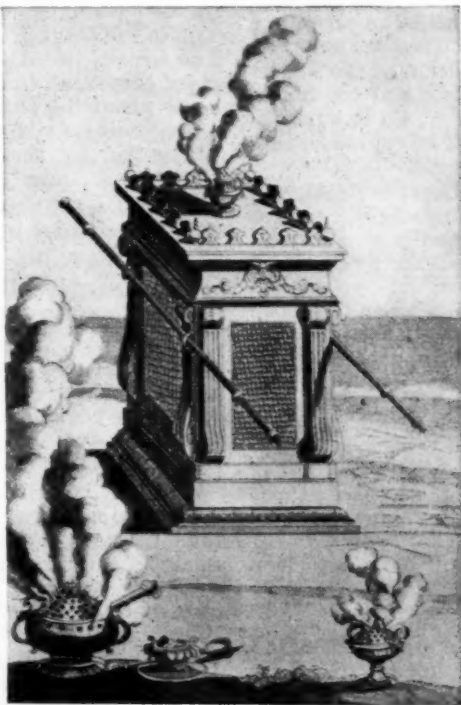
"An honor indeed it is," Father Gilbert said quite briskly, "for the crucifix, the altar, and the priest are here incensed precisely because of their connection with Christ."

Then as he saw Allen's face widen with interest he added hastily: "This honor shown to Christ even indirectly is not without its symbolic meaning."

"Go on, Father," urged the hearer with a gesture of impatient eagerness.

"All right," the priest laughed. "The grains are burned. This expresses our spirit and life of sacrifice. By employing our faculties in the service of

God, we consume them on the altar of our heart. The clouds or smoke arise and make their way heavenward. This is indicative of our prayer which comes forth from the censer of our heart and penetrates the clouds. Whence says the priest at the offertory incensation: 'Let my prayer be directed to Thee, O Lord, as incense in Thy sight.' Moreover, a sweet fragrance is emitted from the burning incense. This reminds us of St. Paul's expression, 'the good odor of Christ,' which of



THE ALTAR OF INCENSE

course refers to the good example of a holy life. Then, too, we say: 'Whatever goes up comes down.' Here our prayers and sacrifices go up and God's mercy and grace come down. For which reason the celebrant, when incensing the chalice at the offertory, prays: 'May this incense blessed by Thee ascend before Thee, O Lord, and may Thy mercy descend upon us.'

"One day our Lord appeared to St. Gertrude and showed her His Sacred Heart in the form of a censor out of which sweet columns of incense mingled with the prayers of the Church arose to the Heavenly Father. The clouds of incense at the divine service recall to our minds, too, those dense clouds that enshrouded Mt. Sinai when God spoke to Moses."

At this moment Allen was trying hard to suppress a sudden grin. He apologized to Father Gilbert by the explanation: "I couldn't help thinking of the alibi we boys tried to prove one time with the aid of incense. We had mischievously kindled a small fire cracker at the sacristy door. The odor told its tale and the Sister was due to arrive any moment. So in our predicament we lit the censor and of course laid on incense generously."

"You knaves!" Father Gilbert scowled.

Allen knew too well that Father Gilbert gave no quarters to anyone who had been guilty of misconduct in the sacristy. Hence he began to plead deprecatingly: 'Father, let bygones be bygones! But tell me, Father, wasn't incense used as a perfume?'

"Well, yes," Father Gilbert agreed. "The Greeks and the Romans made use of these grains of incense as a deodorizer, but incense was also a common object of sacrifice amongst the pagans and amongst the Jews. To throw incense into the urn before the idol was in the eyes of the early Christians equivalent to apostasy. Honors of incense were called divine honors."

"In the Jewish Temple there stood the altar of incense on which an incense offering had to be made to the Lord each morning and evening. As a religious symbol incense was used in the catacombs. At first it seems to have been employed only in processions. Incense carried before great personages as a sign of honor and respect was a familiar idea in the first centuries. With the development of the ritual splendor of the Church the application was easily made to bishops as Christ's representatives and symbolically to the altar as Christ's throne. The Council of Trent, therefore, says that incensing at divine worship is to be placed among the visible signs of religion and piety which incite and elevate to the devout contemplation of heavenly things."

Allen had been nodding from time to time to give his assent but now he ceased.

"Your silence is ominous," said Father Gilbert encouragingly.

"Yes, Father," stammered the man somewhat afraid to express his objection. "I can readily grasp the import of incensing a person but in spite of your lucid explanation the incensation of the altar does not even now strike me so forcibly."

Taken somewhat aback at these words Father Gilbert paused a little but he was soon himself again. Hence he went on: "You see, this incensation seems to have been introduced to recall the rite of the consecration of the altar. Now at the consecration of the altar or of the altar stone incensation forms a considerable portion of the rite. In this way the incensation is like a new consecration of the altar on which soon great things are to be accomplished. Thus the incensation forms a fit and solemn conclusion to the Mass prayers at the foot of the altar. The Greeks in their rite incense the altar at a more considerable part of the Mass. The incense about the altar helps us fix our attention more easily on the service in the sanctuary. Then, too, by this ceremony our worship is clothed with additional pomp and solemnity."

"May I venture one more question, Father?" Allen queried shyly.

"Why not?"

"Did they incense the altar in the catacombs as they do at service now?"

"Well, no! Some of the solemnity of our ritual developed later on. Thus whilst we find that this incensation at the beginning of the Mass was used in the East about the middle of the fourth century, it is mentioned for the first time in the West in the twelfth century."

"Father, before I leave, let me relate what I overheard as a boy. A church consecration had taken place amid the usual profuse use of incense. Some Protestants took in the ceremony. After all was over and the congregation had dispersed these Protestants remained about the church. One asked the other whether he thought the devil was fully smoked out."

"Not so far from the truth," Father Gilbert commented as his lips broke into a smile. "At any rate the devil has no more love for incense used in these circumstances than he has for holy water."

"I say he hasn't," the caller agreed warmly as he rose to go.

### Consecration

At the fiat of God the light was made;  
When Josue spoke, the sun delayed—  
But the voice of the priest is being obeyed  
By the Lamb of God. V. D.

## A Thanksgiving Episode

MARY CLARK JACOBS

THANKSGIVING Day is not a day of work but Martin Cairn, the owner of the Church Goods Store, across from St. Catherine's Catholic Church, did not mind it at all when a rush of unexpected business forced him to relinquish part of his holiday. Early the previous spring he had ordered a very fine set of oil paintings of the Way of the Cross for the little Chapel of St. Agnes at Villa Madonna Convent; and though the Stations had been promised for delivery November the first, most of that month had sped by without the pictures coming. So, when the agent of the express company telephoned that the precious freight had arrived at the local office Wednesday evening, Mr. Cairn arranged for the transfer of the stations to his store on Thursday morning, in spite of that day being Thanksgiving.

Mr. Cairn attended early Mass at St. Catherine's and to his expressions of gratitude for the many favors of the past year, he added an extra prayer of thanks for the final delivery of the oil paintings for St. Agnes Chapel. Then he hurried across the street to open the store and be in readiness to receive the stations.

Though Martin Cairn felt compelled to deprive himself of a day of leisure, he was more considerate of those who worked for him, and did not ask his two assistants to report for duty. It was after High Mass that his daughter, Helen, thrust her head inside the door to find her father on his knees opening crates and inspecting the oil paintings of Christ's Way to Calvary.

"Father, you're here alone," she protested. "Why didn't you tell me you had to work?"

"Now, Helen, don't worry about me," he counseled. "I'll be here but a few minutes longer. As soon as I've made sure that the stations are in perfect condition, I'll go with the truckman to the Convent to deliver them."

"The crates have made a lot of dirt," Helen murmured as she looked about. "I'll remain here and straighten things after you've gone."

It was some time after Mr. Cairn had departed with the truckman and Helen had restored the store to its original state of order that the telephone bell rang. It was her father calling from the Convent.

"Helen, is my overcoat there?" he demanded.

"Yes, father, it is right here, hanging on a nail." She smiled at his seeming anxiety for the rather aged garment. "Why worry about it? You need a new one any way."

"It isn't the coat I'm anxious about. It's something that's in the pocket of that old coat."

"Why, Father, what is it?"

"Oh, just a little roll of money—just three hundred dollars, my dear."

"Father! I never knew you to be so careless of your money. Three hundred dollars in the pocket of that old coat!"

"The fact is it isn't my money at all, Helen," he chuckled at her serious tone. "If it were, I wouldn't worry about it a bit. Father Richter handed it to me this morning, asking me to put it in my safe in the store until the bank opens to-morrow morning. There have been a number of robberies in the town lately and the old safe in the parish house could hardly be considered burglar-proof. Put the money in the safe, Helen."

"I'll take care of it at once," she promised.

Hastily dropping the receiver, Helen hurried to the old coat, thrust her hand into a pocket and drew out the neat roll of bills. She shook her head. Three hundred dollars! The receipts of the Thanksgiving Eve entertainment held in the school hall the previous evening, for which she and every member of the congregation had worked so hard in order to earn funds to furnish the new Catholic high school. She would lock it in the safe at once.

With the precious roll of bills in her hand, she turned towards the rear of the store where the safe was well hidden behind a row of shelves. She was within ten feet of the safe when the door opened to admit a visitor. One glance at the disreputable figure peering furtively about assured her that he had come with no good intention. Undoubtedly he had watched her father depart and knew she was alone in the store. Well, he would find little in the cash register, for it was her parent's custom to empty it each evening, leaving but a few dollars in change in the drawer. But the roll of money in her hands! The church money! The money the congregation had worked so hard to earn and which was so badly needed for the new school. The robber must not get that.

"Dear Mother of God, help me to protect this money intrusted to my father's care," she prayed.

Another glance towards the unwelcome visitor. He had not, as yet, seen her. He was looking at the cash register with sinister speculation gleaming through half-closed eyes.

She must hide the money—and hide it quickly. She glanced about. Almost in front of her,



on a small pedestal, was a statue, of the Blessed Virgin, with the Divine Infant in her arms. And there—where the precious Babe pressed close to the Mother was a space—such a small space, but large enough to hold the roll of bills. Quickly Helen thrust the church money in the little groove and turned towards the man.

"Well—please. We are not serving customers to-day. It is Thanksgiving Day and the door should have been locked."

"Huh!" the man's eyes left the cash register and turned to the girl. "Don't want to buy nothin'. Keep still. I say—don't move!"

Helen tried to be calm but, somehow, looking into the muzzle of a gun was a bit disconcerting. She did not feel at all heroic—only very small and quite helpless.

A prayer for strength, then:

"Oh, is this a holdup? I'm afraid you'll be disappointed, for there is little in the cash register. Shall I open it for you?"

"No! Keep quiet!"

She watched him as he manipulated the keys familiarly; made no comment as he swept the contents of the drawer into a pocket. It was so little, the loss did not bother her. But when the drawer was empty and the man turned searching eyes in quest of more loot, though outwardly calm, within her was a fervent pleading for divine help. It came from an unexpected source.

Father Richter, returning from a sickcall, and knowing that his friend was to be in the store that morning, decided to stop in to discuss some of the furnishings for the new high school, which Martin Cairn had ordered. The priest, unaware of the unpleasant episode being enacted within the store, startled the one who was playing the rôle of villain in the drama by noisily turning the handle before he thrust open the door. Then, to his amazement, he was almost knocked breathless by a heavy body that lurched past him.

"What—" he began.

"Father! Oh, Father Richter!"

"Helen! What is the matter. Your father—"

"That man—he robbed the cash register."

"The man—robbed—," the priest remembered the roll of bills he had given to Martin Cairn that morning. "He got all the money?"

"Please, Father, don't look so tragic," Helen begged. "He got only a little change that was in the cash register. Your coming prevented his looking for more to steal. And the money—your money, Father, is quite safe. Father phoned me to take care of it and I did. I placed it in the care of one who never fails her children. See, Father!"

Helen walked to the statue of the Blessed Virgin and from the little nook between the

statue of the Virgin and her Child, she drew forth a roll of bills.

"See, Father, the church money is safe. Mary Immaculate was guarding it. No harm could come to that when the Mother of God had it in her special care."

### *A Diamona Jubilee*

*(Continued from page 318)*

of that class. The late Bishop Herman Joseph Alerding, of Fort Wayne, who died in 1924, was also a member of the class.

After ordination Father Benno was at once appointed a member of the teaching faculty for the school year '68-'69 and at the same time he had charge of the mission at Mariah Hill. At the end of two years hemorrhages of the lungs compelled him to seek lighter work. In 1871 he became pastor of the congregation at Fulda. Six years later he was recalled to take the position of prefect or rector of the college. Obligated a second time to discontinue school work after another period of two years, because of recurring hemorrhages, he was made procurator of the institution in 1879, a position that he has held ever since, except for the three years that he was pastor of St. Peter's Church, now the cathedral, at Belleville, Ill. Although never of robust constitution, Father Benno has kept up remarkably well, and has grown to a ripe old age. Many a one in all these years he has seen enter the community, some of whom as Prior he clothed with the habit of St. Benedict, and of these not a few have long since turned to dust and ashes in the little God's Acre on the western slope of the hill.

Father Benno superintended part of the abbey buildings. The beautiful rock church with its twin spires overlooking the valley will ever stand as a monument to his skill as builder.

Father Benno is one of seven children, four boys and three girls. The youngest boy died in his youth. The eldest, Peter, who is a year and some months older than the jubilarian, is still hale and hearty. The other brother is John, who likewise enjoys good health. The three sisters, who entered the Benedictine convent at Ferdinand, have all gone to their eternal reward. The first to die was Sister Walburga, who was professed on her deathbed; the second was Sister Johanna, who had been novice mistress for ten years; the third was Sister Hildegarde, who died recently.

In closing this brief sketch we might mention that in 1893, at the time of his silver jubilee as priest, Father Benno had a trip to Europe and to the Holy Land.—May the good Lord have in store for him as many happy years as he can desire for himself.



## The Home of Father William Doyle, S. J.

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

"OMNIPOTENT God, make me a saint," was one of Father Willie Doyle's favorite ejaculations; it was also the keynote of his character. It expressed the one all-absorbing desire of his life—to be a saint—to live and die for God, doing God's work, ungrudgingly, whole-heartedly. He often said, using the vernacular in his own quaintly humorous way: "I am an out-and-out whole hogger," and in the same forcible vernacular the prayer, "Omnipotent God, make me a saint," may be fitly styled his slogan.

"Can you show us the way to the house where Fr. William Doyle was born?" we asked an old road mender as we left Dalkey Station behind us and gazed round, wondering where Melrose was situated.

"Sure, that I can," replied the honest toiler. "Isn't it just round the corner in Dalkey Avenue you turn to the right and then to the left." Then, seeing our perplexed looks, "sure I'll be showing you the way myself, and glad to do it. There it is now, that big grey house and Fr. Willie's brother, the Judge, lives there now."

We stood at the gate, looking with absorbing interest at the home of the Padre. Yes, it was a fine building, solid and compact, surrounded by green trees, a tennis ground, a pretty flower garden, a short drive leading up to the porch entrance. We guessed there would be glorious views of the sea and the Dublin Hills from the upper windows and were half inclined to knock and ask permission to view the room in which our hero was born on the third of March, 1873. It was probably a cold and bitter day, the East wind blowing up from the coast; but doubtless there were vivid glints of sunshine and in any case, the dear mother rejoiced in the birth of her bonnie boy, perhaps may have had a premonition of the extraordinary heights of sanc-

tity that precious son would one day attain.

His father was for many years—I think seventy—an official of the High Court of Justice in Ireland and survived Willie by a few years, dying when well into the nineties; his mother predeceased both husband and son.

Willie was the youngest of seven children. He was, as we say in Ireland, the white-headed boy, the darling of his parents and of his brothers and sisters, particularly of his favorite brother Charlie, who acted even from childhood

as guide, philosopher, and friend to his dear, beloved little Willie. The family petted and caressed, but did not spoil him; indeed it would not have been possible to spoil him, he was so gay and cheerful, so conscientious, helpful, kind and considerate — and love never spoils anyone, only brings out more strongly the intrinsically lovable qualities of children and animals.

I think Longfellow's exquisite lines describe the boy Willie Doyle better than any poor words of mine, so I venture to quote them, only intimating that Willie's eyes were grey-blue, not brown:

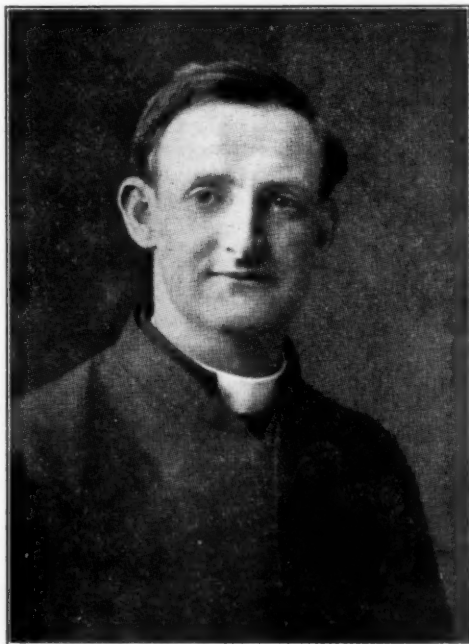
"A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,

A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,

A castle-builder with his wooden blocks  
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knees,  
An eager listener unto stories told  
At the round table of the nursery,  
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build,  
There will be other steeds for thee to ride,  
There will be other legends and all filled  
With greater marvels and more glorified.



FATHER WILLIAM DOYLE, S. J.



JUNIOR HOUSE, HOUSE OF STUDIES AND RETREATS

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,  
Rising and reaching upwards to the skies;  
Listen to voices in the upper air,  
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

Yes, in the distant future Little Willie will himself be the hero of many adventures and his life will be brimful of glorious marvels, his vaulting spirit will soar upward to the skies, and he will hear angelic voices in the upper air.

Willie spent six years at Ratcliff's College, and then feeling irresistibly impelled towards the religious life, he resolved to start studying for the priesthood. His first desire was to become a secular priest and to enter as a student at Clonliffe College Dublin. His brother Charlie was at this time a Jesuit novice, and doubtless his influence and example partially induced Willie to change his mind and in his turn to join the Society of Jesus. Consequently on the 31st of March, 1891, he joined Charles at St. Stanislaus College Tullabeg.

During the years of his novitiate he went through the daily round with his usual zeal and efficiency, and later on, when he took up his abode at the well-known College of Clongowes Wood, he displayed the same energy and enthusiasm.

He spent four years there, acting as prefect—and never was a prefect more idolized by his boys. He entered with unfailing zest into all their games and amusements as well as studies and prayers. Most of us know that the surest way to win the heart of a boy is to be a good "sport." Willie Doyle was a good sport, therefore his spiritual influence over the lads was su-

preme. He could get them to do most things, his breezy manner and genuine cheerfulness encouraging and strengthening their sometimes rather faint desire to improve both mentally and spiritually.

The 28th of July, 1907, was a memorable one in his career. On that glorious midsummer day, at Milltown Park Dublin, he had the great privilege and happiness of being consecrated priest of the most High God. "And I mean to go straight for holiness," he said with characteristic decision decisiveness.

Later on in the same blissful year he journeyed to Belgium, his objective the Hospice of Retreat at Tronchiennes near Ghent where he was to go through his tertianship, that third year of prayer and study that is so all important in the life of a Jesuit.

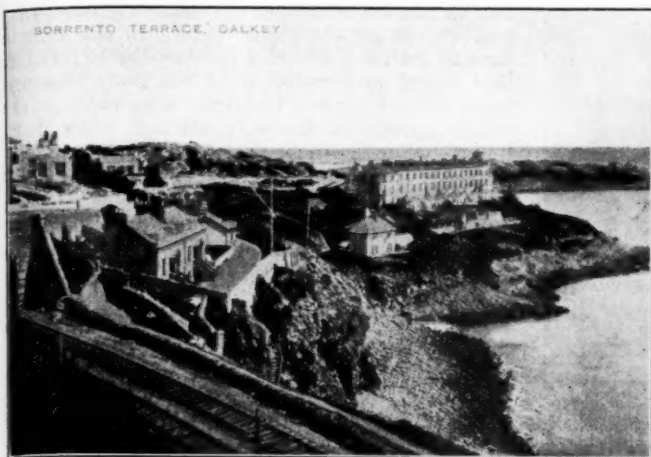
Needless to say he devoted himself heart and soul to the *vince teipsum* (conquer thyself) and the *agere contra* (go against thyself) advised, nay ordered, by St. Ignatius.

Let him speak for himself: "I feel a greater desire to do all I can to please God and to become holy, a greater attraction for prayer, more desire for mortification and increased facility in performing acts of self-denial. The desire to become a saint has been growing in my heart all during this year. God has given me this desire, He will not refuse the grace if only I am faithful in the future. Omnipotent God, make me a Saint."

This favorite ejaculation of his was rapidly bearing fruit; day by day his growth in holiness increased, day by day he was gaining his desire, was gradually becoming a saint. When



House of Retreats  
Rathfarnham Castle, Co. Dublin



SORRENTO TERRACE—DALKEY

he returned to his loved home in dear old Ireland in the summer of 1906, his sanctity increased by leaps and bounds, and having himself attained to so extraordinary a degree of perfection, he was able to guide with unerring hand the weak and faltering, the strong and ardent, young and old, men and women on the same thorny road he had trod, was still threading. He succeeded in a wonderful way as spiritual director, as missionary, as friend and counsellor. He had, like Fr. O'Flynn, in Arnold Percival Graves' delightful song

"Och, Fr. O'Flynn, you've a wonderful way wid ye;  
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,  
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,  
You've such a way wid you, Father Avick."

His brilliant idea of having printed on slips of pink paper pious ejaculations such as "My crucified Jesu, help me to crucify myself"; "Lord, teach me how to pray and pray always"; "My loving Jesus, within my heart, unite my heart to Thee"; "Omnipotent God, make me a saint."

This was an unqualified success. He called them, parodying a notorious advertisement, "Fr. William's pink pills for pale saints," and he added with a touch of humor: "intended to make pale souls ruddy with the love of God." He sometimes enclosed the following directions, when sending a bunch of them to his penitents: "To be taken frequently during the day and occasionally at night. When the disease is deep-rooted and of long

standing, increase the dose to every quarter of an hour. Result infallible—will either cure or kill."

It generally cured, because the humor of it appealed to the Irish man's and the Irish woman's sense of drollery, and many who would not have heeded a long sermon, who probably would have been bored stiff by an eloquent discourse, got into the way of often repeating these aspirations and thus acquired the habit of ejaculatory prayers, a habit that invariably brings one close to the loving Heart of our loving Jesus.

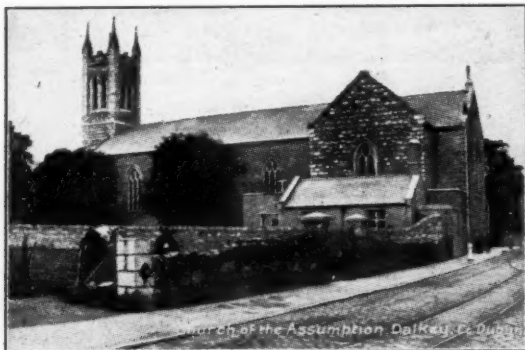
What shall we say of the "Holy Follies" he indulged in during the years before he started on the Great Adventure. Some folk deride them, some laugh, some shrug consequential shoulders and declare they couldn't do these dreadful or sublime things. Of course, you could not, dear, pragmatical, practical friend, neither could I, but then neither you nor I are saints, and the ways of saints are not as the ways of common or garden men.

Willie Doyle was a saint, perhaps at this time one would more fittingly describe him as a saint in the making. In the following paragraph he vividly describes his sensations on one of the occasions prudent men and women see fit to carp at. It happened during a retreat at Delgany, given by him in 1911, and runs thus:

"That day the love of Jesus Crucified was burning in my heart with the old longing to suffer much for Him and even give Him my life



CASTLE STREET—DALKEY



CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION—DALKEY

by martyrdom. This thought was in my mind when, crossing a lonely field that evening, I came across a forest of old nettles. Here was a chance. Had not the saints suffered in this way for Him with joy and gladness of heart? I undressed and walked up and down until my whole body was one big blister, smarting and stinging. Words could never describe the sweet but horrible agony from that moment till far into the next day. Not for a moment did I close my eyes, for, as the poison worked into the blood, the fever mounted and the pain increased. Then began what I can only call a flogging from head to foot with red hot needles. It started at the feet and crept up to my face and back again so regularly that I almost thought that some unseen hand was at work. More than once I knelt by my bed and offered Him my life, as I felt I could not live, and then in my weakness begged Him to have pity on me, and yet the moment after He gave me strength to murmur: 'Still more, dear Lord, a thousand more for Your dear love.'

"Then suddenly when the pain was greatest, an extraordinary peace, happiness and joy filled my soul; and though I saw nothing with the eyes of either soul or body, I had the conviction that Jesus was standing by me—the sure feeling one has when a person is in a darkened room, though one cannot see him. What took place I cannot say, but it seemed to me as if He was thanking me for trying to bear the agony for Him, and then He seemed to ask me what I would have from Him in return. 'Fill my heart with your love, dearest Lord,' I remember saying. And then I lay motionless, all suffering seemed to have ceased while Jesus—I can only express it in this way—took His own heart and poured Its love into mine till It almost seemed to be empty."

I wonder, if we could find the nettles in that lonely field on the fair hillside, would they, like the Calvary Clover, be stained red? Would they glow a vivid green stained with soft crimson

marks like the leaves of the heavenly roses that now bloom on the thorn briars in the remote cave at Subiaco where Benedict the Beloved of God rolled and rolled until his body was one huge wound, or the beautiful rose trees in the friary garden at Assisi, roses that were sharp thorns when Francis the Seraphic threw himself into their midst.

Many and grievous were the mortifications and penances self-inflicted by Fr. Willie Doyle. They make one shudder with sympathy at the excruciating pain the while one marvels at the heroic sanctity of the man.

One of the enterprises nearest and dearest to that big heart of his—he had indeed the heart of a bull, as we aptly say in Ireland when we wish to give an idea of a vigorous and loving heart, a heart capable of the strongest and warmest emotions, a heart like that of our well-beloved Pontiff Pius X. "He had the greatest heart that ever beat in human breast." Well, this object so dear to the ardent, generous Jesuit was to found a retreat for workers. In 1909 he wrote a pamphlet—"Retreats for Working Men. Why not in Ireland?"—in which he describes these retreats as practiced on the continent and endeavored by voice and pen to promote this admirable work at home. In 1915 he persuaded the workers at the Providence Woollen Mills at Foxford to attend such a retreat. It was a colossal success and one of his listeners afterwards remarked: "The saintly preacher sent us away with the impression how easy it is after all to save my soul. God is good. He loves me, and what He asks is really so very little."

Fr. Willie Doyle wrote on other subjects, on "Vocations" and "Shall I be a priest," and he translated the life of Père Gin hac, S. J., from the French.

He wrote as he spoke, convincingly, lucidly, always with a certain breeziness and lightness of touch that arrested and charmed listener and reader. But the great literary work of his life, though he never looked upon them as literature, only simple outpourings of what was uppermost in his thoughts, was undoubtedly those extraordinarily brilliant, yet natural and homelike letters he wrote to his dear old father from the trenches. These letters do not belong to this part of his life,—his home life, rather to the time when God's standard bearer served his Master in the firing line. They are, as Kipling would say, another story, and I hope our kind editor will smile upon this sketch of the saintly Padre, a sketch of the time in which the desire of his heart was granted, in which he spent nearly two years, living the life of a martyr of charity, until his supreme sacrifice was accepted and he gave his life for God's glory and to save the souls of our brave soldiers.



## The House of the Three Larches

A tale of old Switzerland, by Maurus Carnot, O. S. B. Translated and adapted by

MARY E. MANNIX

### CHAPTER 4

#### THE SILVER CHAIN

"KORSIN," she began, "we must now endeavor to get on without father."

"We will try to do the best we can, mother."

"Whatever he ordered in the past, was always faithfully done; we must still try to do as he would have wished. There is something else, Korsin, which I wish to say to you."

Korsin cast down his eyes and remained silent.

"What is it, mother?" he asked at length.

"You already know what it is. It concerns all of us. It saddened your father to think that perhaps you might take a wife from the Tyrol."

"And is Johanna wicked because she is a Tyrolean? And does she make me wicked also?" Korsin stood erect now, but as the calm eyes of his mother rested upon him, he dropped his own again.

"See, Korsin, it has already been a sorrowful time for us. Your father is gone, and then the war. Oh, I know not why—why—Ah! It is very hard. I feel, I am certain, that misfortune will follow, if you—alas! It makes me so sad—so unhappy—"

"Mother—listen! In a few days I will go to Pfunds, and every thing shall be settled—whether—"

"To the Tyrol? In this dangerous time? And, Korsin, you know you are not as self-controlled as your father."

"It must be settled. I must be certain; otherwise I cannot work through the summer and autumn."

"After the harvest time would be best to go, Korsin; much better than now."

"No, mother, I must go."

"Korsin, my heart is heavy."

"Say no more, mother. Let me go."

They heard the outside door close, and the widow had only time to murmur in a low voice: "Do as you will." She did not wish to wound any further the tender heart of her daughter.

The candles had burned to the very edge. Pauline von Laret leaned over the table and extinguished them. Then she bade both her children good night, tears glistening in her heavy eyes.

Philomena wept long in her little room, from time to time her gaze resting on the white peak

of the "Hoch Spitz"—shining like a church tower—beneath the stars. After a while she slept.

Several days passed; the silent house seemed to pay a mournful tribute to the dead master. Korsin went about his work as usual, but his heart was not in it.

One evening when Philomena had gone to pay a visit to Rosa, he came into the kitchen where his mother had been engaged in baking bread. Seating himself on a bench in front of the fire, he exclaimed abruptly:

"Mother, to-morrow I must go to Pfunds."

Pauline, who had quietly observed his moods, and had nerved herself to what she began to see was inevitable, asked:

"You have weighed everything, Korsin? Your father's objection and the rest?"

"Yes, mother. I must go to Johanna and ask her to be my wife. I can no longer endure this uncertainty; it must be settled."

"And if she should refuse you, Korsin?"

"Then I will return and take up my life as before. In either case, I hope I will continue to be a good son to you, mother."

"Oh, that you had never seen Johanna!" cried the poor woman, beginning to weep.

"To have seen her, known her, and loved her, mother, has changed my whole being," answered Korsin passionately.

"I know it, my son, I know it; some strange spell has been worked upon you: I feel a premonition of evil."

"Your fears have no foundation, mother. I do not share them. To-morrow morning I must go."

"At what hour do you start, Korsin?"

"About three. That will get me to Pfunds by seven."

"I will be up in time to prepare you some breakfast."

"No, mother, do not get up."

"Korsin, I must."

"Good night then, dear mother." Touching her forehead with his lips, he strode from the room. He could not bear to see the tears upon her cheeks.

Korsin did not go to bed. After arranging some papers and bills, he was engaged in making preparations for the following day. He took a heavy cloth coat from the wall, where it hung, and laid it on a chair. In the pocket of his

doublet, he placed a leather sheath containing a knife, saying to himself as he did so:

"These are treacherous days, and it shall never be said that the last von Laret yielded his life without fighting for it—if such should befall."

Then he went to the cupboard, and taking out a silver chain, he looked at it lying in the palm of his hand. "I bought this for Rosa," he thought. "It was on the morning of the day I first met Johanna. But I could never give it to Rosa now. I will take it to Johanna; it will seal her promise if she gives it to me."

Down over the roof of the sleeping village, smiled the moon; the mountains were flooded with her mellow light. And in front of the house, the three larches waved and moaned in the midnight wind.

For a few moments Korsin lay down upon his bed, but could find no sleep. About three o'clock he rose, and, in order not to waken his sister in the next room, stepped softly into the kitchen; but his mother was already there with a candle in her hand.

"Have you not slept well, mother?" he asked. "Is that why you are up so early?"

"Ah! Neither have you slept well, Korsin. And you are resolved to go?"

"Yes, mother; and I must go at once. If anyone asks where I am, say that I have gone to fetch a herdboy—which will not be untrue."

"Oh, I wish you did not feel that you must go. Come, I will get you some milk."

"No, mother, I could neither eat nor drink now. I cannot wait a moment."

"Take a piece of bread with you; you have a four hours' journey before you." Hastening to the cupboard, she took out some bread and put it in his hand, with these words:

"Well then, if go you must, let it be in God's name, and may the holy angels guard you."

Silently Korsin pressed his mother's hand. Opening the door, he was about to step out, when he heard the dog coming from the stable.

"Take Hector with you," said the widow. "Then I shall not feel that you are alone."

"Very well, let him come," rejoined her son. "Go back to your room now, mother, and get some sleep. And do not worry about me at all. Good-bye."

She smiled, but said nothing as she closed the door gently behind him.

No one was astir in the village as Korsin and Hector made their way quickly along the road till they reached the mill stream. Then Korsin turned a sharp corner, and went on a little farther. Soon he came to a house where a light was burning behind a window curtain. It was old Denot's house. Perhaps he was ill and Rosa was attending him.

As he passed, his gaze dwelt fondly on the

soft light that shone from the window; it was a tender womanly heart, that of Rosa, his long time friend.

Now he was close to the well—now across the fields, leaving the valley behind him. Once he looked back and his glance rested on the old parish church, with the graveyard beside it. The graveyard where, a short time ago, they had laid his father, above whose repose the morning sun would soon burst forth; where Philomena had planted the gillyflower and Rosa had knelt at a distance, weeping and praying. Suddenly he stood still, undecided whether to keep on or return. For a moment his purpose wavered, but Hector had already crossed the little bridge; calling for his master to come on. The young man turned about once more.

"Forward," he said "Caesar crossed the Rubicon. I shall cross the Zandarserbach, and say with Caesar: 'The die is cast.'" He laughed to himself as he recalled Caesar and the Latin words, "Jacta alea est," and the days of his boyhood when he was at school in Marienberg on top of that high hill in Bintschgau. The reminiscence was a pleasant one. Memory succeeded memory, as he started briskly along till he was surprised to find himself close to his destination; bowing his head, he stepped into the little shrine before him, famous for its picture of the Mother of Sorrows. He prayed very fervently and longer than was his ordinary custom. As he knelt there in the holy stillness, he bethought him of how the Father Abbot of Marienberg had counselled him.

"Korsin von Laret, thou appearest to have good fortune before thee, but thou canst not escape life's reverses and trials. Never forget God, whatever may befall, and so all will not be lost."

The words went deeply home to his heart, as he knelt praying with all the fervor of a young and untried soul.

The morning sun was gilding the mountains when Korsin left the chapel and resumed his journey. He reached the forest; Hector running ahead, pausing awhile beside a running stream—the Samnauner Brook—where the dog assuaged his thirst. And now he came in sight of the hangman's dwelling, a miserable hut half hidden behind a clump of trees. It was a spot avoided by everyone who passed that way; many superstitious persons even preferring to make a short detour into the valley, climbing the hill again rather than to set their feet upon that portion of the road where lived the hated executioner, and his innocent wife and children.

Moreover, there was another reason for avoiding the spot; still further behind that clump of trees and that miserable dwelling was a row of graves, where slept all that was mortal of those who had met their death on the scaf-

fold: crossing the brook he could see the church tower of Pfunds only a half mile away. He slackened his steps and began to walk very slowly towards the town, saying to himself:—"Might it not have been better to have followed my mother's advice? Should I have been in such haste, instead of waiting till the summer had passed, till the harvest was over? And yet—and yet—I could have done nothing until I knew. What I have this day undertaken, this day shall I finish."

He was nearing the first house in the village, with Hector a short distance behind him. The bell was ringing for Mass. Slowly Korsin directed his steps towards the church, his eyes bent on the ground.

"Korsin!"

Hearin' the soft, low voice, he looked up, stepped back in surprise and answered: "Johanna!"

He stood still; the young girl did likewise. She wore a gown of bluish gray, a woolen shawl was thrown about her shoulders; the warm reddish brown hair was uncovered, and the eyes that looked up at him from the sweet smiling face were of a heavenly azure. The delicate cheeks were flushed at the unexpected meeting.

"God save you, Korsin."

"God save you, Johanna," answered Korsin, reaching out his hand. "Why are you going to Mass so early?"

"So early you call it? And you have come all the way from Samnaun this morning."

"Yes," he said, "I left home at three o'clock."

"And your good father is dead, and you sent me no message."

"It was all so sudden, Johanna," he said.

"The Lord give him eternal rest, and may eternal light shine upon him," she replied, wiping the tears from her cheeks, now grown quite pallid. "Korsin, you should have let me know," she repeated reproachfully.

"The times are so troubled, Johanna; there is often danger on the road."

"And yet you have come yourself?"

"Yes, Johanna, I came as soon as I could, to show you that I had thought of you."

"You came on my account?" She murmured, casting her eyes to the ground, while the red again arose in her pale cheeks.

For a moment both were silent. They waited until a man who was coming in their direction had passed the church; then Johanna said.

"We are standing in the way; will you not come in to Mass, Korsin?"

"Yes," he answered, turning with her towards the church. As they did so, the man passed them once more, nodded at Johanna and looked at both keenly.

"Who is that?" inquired Korsin.

"Leopold, from Innsbruck, a Commissary of

the Kaiser." Then she was silent, for the man had retraced his steps, and was again approaching them.

He was about thirty years of age; a coarse fellow and as egotistical as he was rude. He was very proud of two things: in the first place, of his beaked, eagle nose, because he thought it resembled that of the Kaiser; and secondly, of the bright metal eagle in the front of his big green hat, which showed him to be a hireling of the Emperor, there in Pfunds for the purpose of learning how many horses and weapons that town could or would furnish for the war; should it fall out that war must come.

"Good morning, Fräulein Johanna," he said. "You must have slept well to be abroad so early, looking fresh and sweet as a flower."

As he spoke, he in some manner contrived to place himself between Korsin and Johanna. At that moment, Hector rushed forward to attack an old gray cat that suddenly made her appearance on the side of the road, and Korsin's attention was diverted to the keeping of the peace. He stepped aside, calling the dog, and the officer, stroking his heavy beard, cast a single glance after him. Then he asked:

"Fräulein Johanna, is your father up yet?"

"I believe he is," replied the young girl.

"Then I must speak with him regarding some news that has come from Innsbruck. I am afraid I can not manage it without his assistance. Excuse me, Fräulein Johanna, but you may be able to help me a little to-day also. I think the Mass will be short; perhaps when it is over, you will walk back with me to your father's house?"

"I am afraid not," was the reply, coldly given. "After Mass I shall have a very busy day." She made a motion to leave him; throwing the little woolen shawl over her brown locks as she did so.

Leopold frowned, but seeing that he was dismissed, ended the conversation with a quickly spoken "*Auf Wiedersehen*" and went on his way to the village, walking slowly, however, and looking back at intervals to the spot where Korsin and Johanna were yet standing.

"What has that fellow to do with you, Johanna?" asked Korsin.

"He tires me to death, following me everywhere like my shadow."

"Johanna, your arm is not made of straw, is it? Raise it up and give him a blow in his leathern jaw, and—"

"O Korsin, right willingly would I give him a hundred, but he is the Kaiser's man, and to slap him in the face would be to insult the Kaiser."

"That, for your Kaiser," he said, snapping his fingers. "What was the Kaiser to do with such cattle? I feel like throwing that fellow over the cliff."



"Be careful, Korsin, I cannot tell you how—"

"Very well, Johanna. If such carrion as that can come between us, I will say farewell. That is the end. Go into the church, and I will go home."

"Ah! What are you saying, Korsin?" said Johanna, her voice full of anguish. "Come," she continued, "it is too late for Mass now; it must be after the Gospel. Come, let me tell you all that is in my heart. And if I do not know how to say it exactly, you will not mind, Korsin?"

She paused to take breath. He did not answer her. "I am not yet much more than a child," she said.

"Be like a child then, and tell me frankly what you have to say."

"Listen then, Korsin. My father and the Provost of Raunders, Maltitz—well—they—Oh, how can I say it?"

"They are about to betray Samnaun. Tell me, are they?"

"Oh no, not that, Korsin, I am speaking of myself. Maltitz wishes to—Oh, Korsin, my father means to sell me—to Maltitz—for his son."

"And you? You are willing?" His eyes flashed, he ground his heel into the gravel, his voice was like that of the lion when it is roused to anger.

"O Korsin! How can you ask it? If I were willing would I have—O Korsin!"

Her voice was shaken with sobs. He swung his arms to and fro. She seized his wrist. "Korsin," she went on, "if you can believe such a thing of me, then let me go in to Mass, and you return again to the valley."

He turned and confronted her face to face. Never before had he looked so deeply into the blue eyes. What he saw there appeased his wrath, and must have fully satisfied him; for he took her hand and said, solemnly:

"If that be so Johanna, if you are true, then shall I also be true—until death—yes, even to death on yonder scaffold."

Johanna shuddered at his words, at the deep fiery glance of his eyes and the solemn tone of his musical voice.

"O Korsin," she murmured, "do not speak of such a death as that. No, no—but of death in peace and happiness—in your own home, in the village in the valley, in the house by the three larches."

Korsin put his hand in his pocket and drew forth the silver chain. "Here Johanna," he said, offering it to her. "I have come to see if you will take this gift. Will you wear it Johanna?"

"O Korsin, you know I will."

"And have you the courage to wear it, and not be ashamed of having taken it from a Samnauner?"

"Yes, Korsin. And I grieve with you for your father."

"Better days will soon come, and then the wedding day."

"Ah! The cruel war," sighed Johanna, looking anxiously at the great gloomy prison bedecked with flags and pennants. "Ah! the cruel war. Look at the new fortress—yonder tower."

"Yes, yes, but the war will soon be over, and then, Johanna, when autumn comes, and the three larches by our door are turning yellow—then our lives shall begin to bloom."

"Wait, Korsin, a moment." She lifted her hand—the bell in the church tower had begun to ring. They both knelt on the ground and said the *Angelus*. After they had finished, Korsin rose and asked:

"Why all this pageantry?"

"They are going to make merry to-day over the dedication, as they call it."

"What dedication? Are they celebrating the union of the Confederacy?" inquired Korsin, laughing sarcastically.

"Nay, do not laugh, Korsin. It is better for you to go home, and at once."

"Oh, no. I will stay and see the celebration."

"Oh, go home, you do not know perhaps, that the Provost of Raunders, Maltitz, is coming."

"I do not fear him. But maybe you would rather talk to young Maltitz alone? He may bring you a more beautiful necklace."

As he spoke, Johanna threw the necklace she had been holding, over her head. The gold cross resting upon her breast.

"Look," she cried. "By the cross of Our Savior, it is you and you only that I love. But you know, or should know, that it is not good for you to be here this day of all days. If you love me Korsin, go home."

"And if I should decide to stay till evening, until the Provost and his son—"

"Oh, those people," cried Johanna, impatiently. "Korsin, go home," she pleaded, clasping her hands together and looking up at him, as he stood towering above her.

"If Kaiser Max himself should come, do you think I would be afraid of him?" he said. "Do not think so—have no fear. Go into the church now, Johanna; as for me I must hurry over yonder to look for a herd boy. I will see you again to-day. Farewell!"

Johanna laid her trembling hand in that of her beloved.

"Farewell for the present," she said.

When he left her, Korsin walked rapidly on, Hector gamboling joyfully in front of him, in the direction of Samnaun, thinking they were going home. But the young man turned in another direction. He took his way through

(Continued on page 326)



## Catholic Rural Action

REV. LEON A. MCNEILL

THE Catholic Rural Life Conference convened for its sixth Annual meeting at St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, Sept. 25-27, 1928. There were about one hundred fifty delegates from all over the nation, including six members of the hierarchy, two abbots, and many priests. The clergy of St. Benedict's Abbey, several hundred students of St. Benedict's College and Mt. St. Scholastica's Academy, and a great number of farm men and women, living in the vicinity of Atchison, also attended the sessions of the Conference. The Board of Directors held a meeting in the Hotel Whitelaw the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 25th. The Conference proper opened with Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated in St. Benedict's Abbey Church Wednesday morning, and closed with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament Thursday afternoon. The intervening period was taken up with general sessions, sectional meetings, and an evening mass meeting, during which a wide range of rural subjects were earnestly considered. The main topics were rural education, Mexico, bigotry in the country, farm business, and the farm home. All who attended the Conference feel that it accomplished well its purpose of defining objectives of Catholic rural action, of arousing interest in specific activities by which these objectives are to be attained, and of encouraging pastors, social experts, and farmers to labor for the betterment of Catholicity in the rural districts.

No doubt the wide publicity given to the Catholic rural movement has acquainted our people with its aims and its program. It should do no harm, however, to say a few words about the work in general, in order to refresh our minds and to furnish the setting for a more detailed account of the recent Conference.

The Catholic Rural Life Conference is an organization of Catholic clergy and laity, working under direction of the Rural Life Bureau, N. C. W. C. Department of Social Action. It is directed by Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, outstanding Catholic rural sociologist of the United States, and is governed by a board of fifteen directors, five of whom serve as elected officers. The Conference holds an annual meeting to formulate policies, plan activities, and discuss problems pertinent to its field of action. Specific activities which make up the program of the conference are carried out in local districts according to the zeal of those in charge,—principally by rural pastors. The official organ of the confer-

ence, *Catholic Rural Life*, appears monthly except during July, August, and September. The ultimate aim of Catholic rural action is identical with that of the Church at large—the salvation of souls. Its proximate aim is the strengthening of Catholicity in the rural districts. The movement is inspired by a conviction that the country offers the most conducive environment known for the leading of a full and wholesome Christian life. Its importance is intensified by the fact that the country is a prolific source of population, giving rural Catholicity an influence upon the Church at large out of all proportion to its relative numerical strength. The Conference is interested in everything which will make for the betterment of rural life, and promotes a great number of specific projects which contribute directly or indirectly to its all-embracing, supernatural end. Among the questions to which it gives its attention are rural education—both secular and religious, health, social life, improved methods of farming, good homes, landscaping, and boys' and girls' clubs.

Many have the idea that the one and sole purpose of the movement is to keep Catholics on the farm. It is true that the Conference wishes to maintain a high percentage of Catholics in the country. But it proposes to do this by bringing our people to recognize the wholesome advantages of the rural way of living, and by making it eminently profitable from the religious, social, cultural, and economic point of view, to stay on the farm. Catholic rural leaders, however, realize that there is a natural flow of population from country to city and recognition of this important fact is one of the main stimuli to its endeavors. The explicit aim of the Conference to build up ten thousand strong country parishes by adherence to a carefully planned program over a long period of time, does therefore involve the maintenance of a goodly percentage of Catholics on the farm, but this point must be understood in the light of what has been said above.

A brief review of proceedings at the Conference will give us a clearer understanding of Catholic rural action.

The sermon at the opening Solemn Pontifical Mass was delivered by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, Episcopal Chairman, Social Action Department, N. C. W. C. Bishop Lillis followed the struggle between the forces of good and evil down through the Christian ages, reminding his hearers that the Church slowly but inevitably gains the victory. Her triumph increases

as the battle is prolonged. The Rt. Rev. Bishop described the Catholic Rural Life Conference as one more agency by which the Church overcomes the forces of evil, commended its work, and encouraged its members to carry on with zeal and courage.

At the first general session of the Conference, held in St. Benedict's College Auditorium, Wednesday, Sept. 26th at 11:30 a. m., Father W. Howard Bishop read a carefully prepared paper on "The Aims of the Catholic Rural Life Conference." He directed attention to its fundamental objective—the salvation of souls, and described the country as the environment most conducive to the Christian way of life. Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, father and guiding genius of the movement from its very inception, endorsed the words of Father Bishop, and urged the assembly not to confuse the many specific activities of Catholic rural action with the one objective toward which all these converge. This meeting produced the happy effect of bringing home to the delegates the aim and direction of the work in which they are engaged, and prepared them for consideration of the various topics to be discussed during subsequent meetings.

The Wednesday afternoon session was devoted to Rural Education. This is the first time that Catholic rural life workers and Catholic educators have considered common problems in joint assembly. A number of diocesan superintendents of schools were present and took an active part in the program. Father Felix N. Pitt, Secretary of the School Board, Diocese of Louisville, presided over the meeting and introduced the subject of suitable education for farm boys and girls. Dr. J. W. Wolfe, Diocesan Superintendent of schools, Dubuque, Iowa, read a learned paper on the adaptation of curriculum and course of studies to rural interests and needs. He stressed the importance of education which makes for the betterment of all things by training of the individual character, and reasoned that materials of instruction must be in accord with specific objectives to be attained in the educative process. He spoke at length on modifications in both content and method of instruction, and made a plea for at least equal educational opportunity for rural children. Dr. Wolfe's paper was discussed formally by a Catholic educator and by a country pastor. The Diocesan Superintendent of schools from Wichita called further attention to peculiar problems of the small school so often found in the country, and insisted that all work in the Catholic school should be carried on through the pastor who has jurisdiction over the entire parochial plant. Father M. B. Schiltz, of Panama, Iowa, gave an interesting account of work he has done with

the boys and girls of his school, to better social life, to capitalize rural opportunities, and to engender a true appreciation of the country mode of life. Father Schiltz has given excellent example of what can be accomplished in a short time and with limited means in building up Catholic culture in the country.

A mass meeting was held Wednesday evening. A large crowd gathered from in and around the city to hear timely subjects discussed by two competent and well known Catholic clergymen, Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara.

Father O'Hara spoke first, his subject being "The Rural Problem in Mexico." Father O'Hara was privileged to visit Mexico last summer with a party of Americans. The tourists listened to a lecture each morning by some representative Mexican, and during the day were free to go about and observe conditions. Father O'Hara made contact with a number of prominent Catholic laymen, visited outlying places, explored libraries, etc., devoting particular study to the agrarian problem. In his talk at the Conference, he manifested the same careful observation of conditions and study of data, the same courageous attack on problems, and the same balanced reasoning for which he is so well known. He singled out two historical events which have exerted a marked influence on Mexican life for almost four centuries. The first is the appearance of the Blessed Virgin to a poor Indian in 1531, which introduced a remarkable devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe. The Indians have remained ardently devoted to the Blessed Mother, and no one dares molest the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe near Mexico City. This devotion is one of the most deep-seated and enduring bonds of unity in Mexican life to-day.

The other event was the magnificent fight of Bishop Bartholome de Las Casas, (1474-1566) for the freedom of the Indians from Spanish enslavement and for their right to possess and cultivate communal lands. The Indians hold the Bishop's memory in almost sainted veneration. Communal ownership of lands endured until 1857 when holdings were taken from the communities by a liberal government and portioned out to individuals. Then, by a series of clever laws and overt acts of rank injustice, the lands were taken away from individual owners and given to the powerful and the greedy. Thus the Indians were reduced to a state of impoverished helplessness and forced to work as peons on the big estates.

By the end of the nineteenth century the stage in Mexico was set for a radical social upheaval. Belated endeavors to solve agrarian problems by the application of Christian prin-

ciples in the first decade of the twentieth century, were powerless to forestall the impending tragedy. The disturbance and bloodshed of the past two decades form a gruesome story. Father O'Hara urged America and especially American Catholics to solve agrarian problems according to Christian principles, lest this country come upon such disaster as reigns in the stricken republic to the south of us.

Bishop Noll delivered an impressive address on the subject of bigotry in rural districts, calling attention of his audience to the fact that anti-Catholic sentiment is most prevalent where Catholics are few and scattered. Those who have become acquainted with Catholics and who have at least some notion of the true doctrine and discipline of the Church seem little infected with bigotry. Bishop Noll, who has acquired an intimate and detailed understanding of the religious situation throughout the country, gave examples of dioceses, of wide territorial extent, sparsely settled Catholic population, and few priests, where bigotry forms a harassing problem. He mentioned names and quoted figures accurately and rapidly, with no reference to notes. He also related several cases in which the work of zealous bishops, priests, and laymen has accomplished veritable miracles in dispelling prejudice. One unique project was that of a Southern priest who brought three Catholic children from Boston as pupils for a Catholic school in a thoroughly Protestant town. The school opened with a pupil and a teacher in each of three classrooms. Soon the good pastor was obliged to enlarge his quarters and to hire additional teachers to care for the flock of children seeking a Christian education. This priest advocates the opening of a Catholic school every twenty miles in his home diocese, feeling that they would almost completely do away with bigotry. Bishop Noll spoke for almost an hour in a strong clear voice, and finished with a word of praise for the Catholic Rural Life Conference which is pledged to further the cause of the Church in the country, where Catholics are few and scattered and where ignorance with its progeny of bigotry waxes virulent.

A general business meeting was held Thursday morning at nine o'clock. The President of the Conference, Rev. A. J. Luckey, Manhattan, Kansas, reported on the progress of the past year. Reports were also made by the secretary, Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, and by the treasurer, Rev. Felix N. Pitt. The names of six priests presented for membership on the Board of Directors were unanimously approved by the assembly. Later in the day officers of the Conference for the coming year were elected as follows: President, Rev. W. Howard Bishop, Clarksville, Md.; Vice President, Rev. M. B. Schiltz, Panama, Iowa; Secretary, Rev. Edwin

V. O'Hara, Eugene, Oregon; Recording Secretary, Rev. Felix N. Pitt, Louisville, Ky.; Treasurer, Rev. Joseph Schmidt, Harrisburg, Pa.

Among the executive recommendations of the Board of Directors, which received endorsement of the house, we might mention especially the continued publication of *Catholic Rural Life*, official organ of the Conference, and a plan for financing this magazine over a period of five years. The plan consists in obtaining the names of 100 men each of whom is pledged to bring in 100 dollars by subscription and donation, during the period mentioned.

The program for general and sectional meetings on Thursday was planned especially for farm men and women, who were present several hundred strong. At 10:00 a. m. the delegates and visitors convened for a discussion of the Farm Woman and the Farm Home. Mrs. B. F. Fitzpatrick, Brookfield, Mo., told of a study club formed by farm women of her parish. In a genial and neighborly way she described the cultural and social activities of the club, which has done much to develop good spirit and to enrich the lives of its members. Mrs. Alex Irvine, a farm woman from Manhattan, Kansas, read an excellent paper on the press. She dwelt on the rapid and extensive distribution of literature, made possible by good roads and dependable mail service, and expressed the hope that editors would furnish reading matter which will be of real service to rural readers. She concluded with a reminder that farm people should make use of good books and periodicals to entertain and educate the members of the household on long summer afternoons and quiet summer evenings.

The final talk on the farm home was given by Prof. Louise H. Everhardy, Department of Art, Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas. She distinguished between a mere house and a real home, and offered many practical suggestions for building an attractive home on a suitable plot, for beautifying the yard, and for furnishing and decorating the interior. Several large pictures, of edifying theme, soft tint, and artistic finish, were used to illustrate one point in her lecture.

After dinner, the men enjoyed a program on farm business, while the women talked of home economics in another hall of the large gymnasium. The women reported good attendance and lively discussion. In the men's section, Dr. W. E. Grimes, Department of Agricultural Economics, Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas, gave his audience a treat in his paper on "Our Changing Farm Business." It is rather startling to contemplate the changes which improved means of transportation, industrial progress, and experimental science have brought about in the profession of



agriculture. Dr. Grimes urged farmers to utilize all worthwhile contributions of the modern era. Discussion was led by Mr. John M. Ryan, Topeka, Kansas, a man who has been prominent in farm bureau work throughout the State, and by Ben Schneider, Nortonville, Kansas, a pioneer and an unusually successful farmer. Mr. Schneider is firmly convinced that better boys and girls can be reared on the farm. He can think of nothing better than a rural community of Christian families, each farming a reasonably small acreage in an intensive way, planting good seeds and raising quality live stock, enjoying the ministry of a resident priest and the benefits of Catholic schools.

The final paper consisted of a message from the American Country Life meeting at Urbana, Ill., delivered by Rev. George Nell, of Effingham, Ill. Father Nell has a singularly clear perception of the value of cooperation and did his bit to establish friendly contact between these two progressive rural groups.

The report of the Committee on Resolutions was read by its chairman, Rev. John LaFarge, S. J. The Conference pledged itself to more zealous pursuit of the various lines of activity discussed during the meetings; to extend the benefits of education in rural parishes, preparing the teachers by suitable normal courses in rural sociology and education, and adapting instruction to the interests and needs of country children; to foster the religious vocation movement, utilizing seminarians in the work wherever possible; to hold diocesan rural conferences; to further cooperation of rural and urban agencies; to improve the business of farming and to raise standards of living in the country; to assist the colored missions and especially such commendable undertakings as the Cardinal Gibbons Institute in Southern Maryland; and to obtain appointment of representatives to promote Catholic rural action in their respective dioceses.

The Conference closed with Solemn Benediction given by Rt. Rev. Francis Johannes, D. D. Father LaFarge, S. J., gave a brief sermon on the need of a rural tradition of piety, which will center about Christ in the Blessed Sacrament and find realization in genuine rural saints. He made clear his conviction that a true saint wields more influence in a community than any amount of social organization or business efficiency. As a parting word, he addressed himself to the several hundred college students present, urging them to follow the call to be saints.

There were a number of distinctive features about the sixth annual Catholic Rural Life Conference. It was held in Kansas, geographical center of the country and one of the most thor-

oughly agricultural States in the Union. The delegates assembled at a Benedictine Abbey and College, being welcomed by sons of St. Benedict—men who have inherited the tradition of prayer and labor of the early monks, who drained the swamps, tilled the soil, and Christianized the inhabitants of all northwestern Europe. There has been no more efficient corps of rural life workers in the history of the Church than the Benedictine monks.

Another characteristic of this Conference was the active participation of farm men and women. The movement never accomplishes its purpose until it takes hold of the tiller of the soil and influences the course of his life. Although Catholic rural action has been initiated and developed by priests, and although it will succeed only in so far as it enlists the interest and cooperation of the clergy, nevertheless, its goal is the farmer, and this Conference is a big forward step in the progress of the work.

Another feature of the Conference deserves special mention. For the first time a representative group of Catholic educators was present to discuss problems of vital interest to both rural welfare and the cause of Christian education. We trust that this encouraging cooperation between groups of Catholics with fields that overlap and problems that are common will continue. We might mention that the same friendly and united spirit was manifested at the Catholic Educational Convention held in Chicago, last June.

We trust that readers who have followed our little essay have obtained some notion as to the organization, objectives, and activities of the Catholic Rural Life Conference. We have reviewed the proceedings of its latest annual meeting, not merely to furnish a news report, but to throw added light upon the trends and progress of the movement. If our words have accomplished clearer understanding of this important work, they have served some good purpose. Upon understanding should follow a deeper appreciation of the possibilities of Catholic rural action. But neither understanding nor appreciation will be of much value unless they blossom forth in genuine interest and bear fruit in constructive action.

### Questionings

PAULA KURTH

If human sweetness be so sweet,  
What then is the divine?  
If human fairness is so fair  
Jesu, what must be Thine?  
And who can sound those depths of love  
Beneath the Bread and Wine?



## Charms

MARIE HARDIMAN KENNEDY

CATHY O'BRIEN sat in the fernery nook, her slim, silken legs stretched out to the fire, and her young heart aching with a smothering intensity that was all the more hopeless because of the self-scorn in its composition. Why wasn't she like other girls—up-to-date and snappy? Because her thoughts were all introspective, she was oblivious to the cheerful comfort of her home and to the savory whiffs that floated in from the kitchen where handsome Mrs. O'Brien turned the biscuits and admonished them to brown to a turn for poor, dear Cathy, who worked so hard at the library from morning until night; she was disdainful of Cupid's scolding tirade of shrill music as he hopped airily about his blue-gold cage; and unconscious of the white beauty, beckoning silently to her at the window pane; she was heart-sick of living one dull, uneventful day after another with intervals of nervous hoping for the thing that never happened and of holding back and hiding her apprehension as each festive day approached. This time it was Thanksgiving Day and the parish bazaar. And the tormenting, little devils of worry were eating at her heart like—like—those awful summer caterpillars without a hair to their slimy lengths, the kind with four horns upon their backs; Cathy slumped; pulled her knees up into the embrace of her georgette-covered arms, and was thoroughly miserable.

Would she have an escort this time? Would anybody ask for the privilege of escorting her to the Thanksgiving Bazaar? Any old person at all! Maybe Jake, the janitor, might! Well, what was so amusing about that? It would be better than traipsing in with her parents as she always did—walking sedately between father and mother (her mother who had been the belle of Kildare, and said so often). A wet thing dropped heavy and big upon Cathy's clenched little fist. It glittered like an enchanted jewel. She shattered its brilliance and jumped up impatiently, beginning to set the table with an energy that astonished her mother.

"Be careful of the blue cups, Cathy child! I'm always going to get me some cheaper ones to use every day, but I'm that forgetful."

A rattle of china was Mrs. O'Brien's answer. She turned, perplexed, to blending flour. Somehow she could never understand her tall, quiet, young daughter, who without being at all unattractive, was nevertheless devoid of one ounce of the coquetry that had been her own charming stock-in-trade. And yet, Cathy was young;

wanted attention like her chums. Mrs. O'Brien, with the sure mother instinct knew this, and yet the girl would not learn that sweethearts, like flies, must be trapped with sugar! Mrs. O'Brien clicked her tongue. Well, if not sugar, then some other way! In spite of Cathy's own young self, she would help her attract a sweetheart! She would that! There were ways, there were! It was not the first time Mrs. O'Brien had decided so, and already she had begun upon one of "the ways" and had added thereby greatly to Cathy's load of misery. To-night she would test it out again. Another click from the determined mouth sealed the thought. Cathy, happily enough, had forgotten about to-night, in speculating hopelessly about the Thanksgiving Bazaar. Half way through the dinner, she was reminded.

Agnes Dolby, without the civility of knocking, danced into the house. Agnes never walked. She danced or minced or pirouetted—or something. Mrs. O'Brien beamed upon her. Now, if Cathy was like that! But no, Cathy—was dignified and often lovely like a noble lady—but what did boys care about that! The woman sighed.

"Ready, Cathy? Practice to-night at the auditorium—for the new play. Don't tell me you forgot, you dear old stick! Bill will be coming along in a minute. I left word for him to stop here for us."

Bill was Agnes' latest "rusher" and she displayed him on all possible occasions. Cathy knew it wasn't all generosity of spirit that had brought her friend skipping so blithely in upon her.

"Nice of you," she managed graciously. A lump was in her throat, a lump like—like—tonsillitis—only worse, dry and alive with hurt. Oh, well, even then, that last bite of breast was too delicious, all jelled over with amber gravy. She'd shove that down anyway! She did, and faced Agnes serenely like a young goddess, who disdains favors; has no need of them.

"Your Bill is here! Please let him in before he breaks the new plate glass door!"

Agnes opened the door for Bill, giving his arm a coquetish tweak. Again Mrs. O'Brien sighed. Now Agnes was like that, but Cathy—But the trio were starting out and she had forgotten.

"Oh, Cathy, wait, honey, wait!"

Cathy stood, a chill that began at her toes and extended its quick, sickening way to the roots of her hair, spraying prickly, quivering

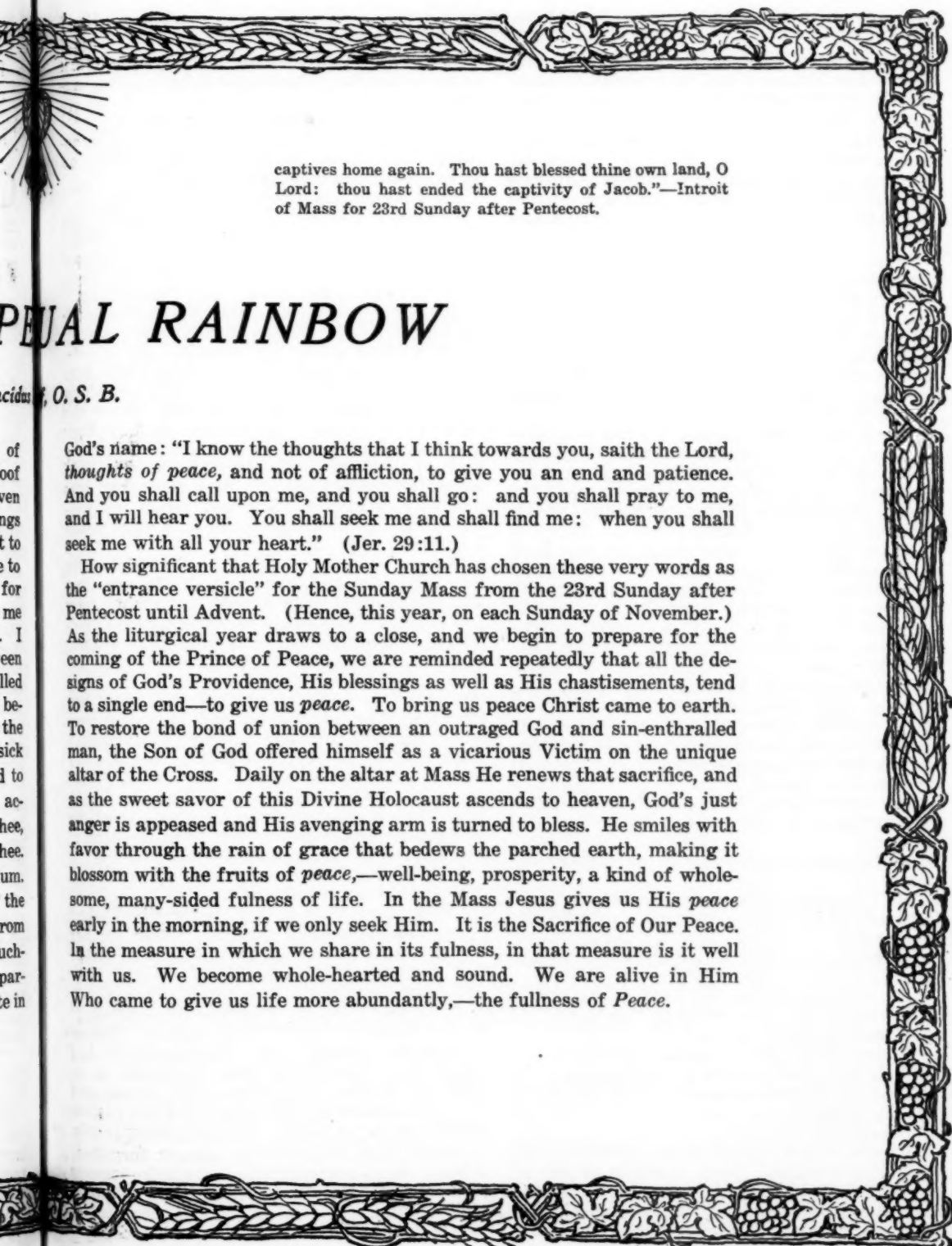
"Thus saith the Lord: My thoughts are thoughts of peace and not of punishment: you shall call upon me, and I will hearken to you; and from every quarter will I lead your

## GOD'S PERPEUA

Placidus, O.



BEARING in her bill a verdant olive branch, the symbol of peace, Noe's dove returned to the ark with the tangible proof that the flood waters had subsided. After tarrying yet seven days, Noe and his sons with their wives, and all living things left the ark, and, building an altar, offered holocausts on it to the Lord. As the sweet savor of the immolated victim rose to heaven, God was appeased and said: "I will no more curse the earth for the sake of man. This is the sign of the covenant that I give between me and you and to every soul that is with you for a perpetual generation. I will set my *bow in the clouds*, and it shall be the sign of a covenant between me and between the earth." (Gen. 9:12.) Years passed. Centuries rolled by. From a little remnant Israel had grown to a mighty nation. But because of many infidelities the ruthless arm of a mighty conqueror led the faithless people into bondage to Babylon. There the tears of the homesick captives mingled with the waters of the Euphrates. How they longed to be back in the courts of the Lord to receive the highpriest's blessing, according to the formula prescribed by God Himself: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord show His face to thee, and have mercy on thee. The Lord turn His countenance to thee, and give thee peace." (Num. 6:24.) As they looked westward with tear-blinded eyes and thought of the evening sacrifice, they seemed to descry a gigantic rainbow extending from the gilded pinnacle of the temple to their sorrow-sown land of exile, touching the heavens in transit, and bringing them an assurance of divine pardon. For to this chastened, repentant people the prophet Jeremias wrote in



captives home again. Thou hast blessed thine own land, O Lord: thou hast ended the captivity of Jacob."—Introit of Mass for 23rd Sunday after Pentecost.

## PEACE RAINBOW

cidus, O. S. B.

God's name: "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, *thoughts of peace*, and not of affliction, to give you an end and patience. And you shall call upon me, and you shall go: and you shall pray to me, and I will hear you. You shall seek me and shall find me: when you shall seek me with all your heart." (Jer. 29:11.)

How significant that Holy Mother Church has chosen these very words as the "entrance versicle" for the Sunday Mass from the 23rd Sunday after Pentecost until Advent. (Hence, this year, on each Sunday of November.) As the liturgical year draws to a close, and we begin to prepare for the coming of the Prince of Peace, we are reminded repeatedly that all the designs of God's Providence, His blessings as well as His chastisements, tend to a single end—to give us *peace*. To bring us peace Christ came to earth. To restore the bond of union between an outraged God and sin-enthralled man, the Son of God offered himself as a vicarious Victim on the unique altar of the Cross. Daily on the altar at Mass He renews that sacrifice, and as the sweet savor of this Divine Holocaust ascends to heaven, God's just anger is appeased and His avenging arm is turned to bless. He smiles with favor through the rain of grace that bedews the parched earth, making it blossom with the fruits of *peace*,—well-being, prosperity, a kind of wholesome, many-sided fulness of life. In the Mass Jesus gives us His *peace* early in the morning, if we only seek Him. It is the Sacrifice of Our Peace. In the measure in which we share in its fulness, in that measure is it well with us. We become whole-hearted and sound. We are alive in Him Who came to give us life more abundantly,—the fullness of *Peace*.

nerves along its path, caught hold of her. Her cheeks flamed poppy red, and blazed brilliant against the piqued whiteness of her small, straight nose.

Mother would do it again! What this time? It was outrageous! Oh, if one could only say things to one's mother—awful things—stinging—impertinent—ungrateful! But, one couldn't and didn't, especially when one's mother meant well.

"Just a bit of lace from my own wedding dress, dear," Mrs. O'Brien, upon her knees, was pinning the bit of cloth to Cathy's underskirt, "and it is said, that to wear a piece of your mother's wedding dress pinned to your underskirt, will get for you a handsome true love!"

"Mrs. O'Brien, whatever will you do when you run out of charms? Cathy better hurry up and get herself a lover!"

"Sure, Cathy's not needing charms to attract a lover, Agnes. When she wants a sweetheart, it will not be a girl like Cathy who'll be going begging!" Spiritedly Mrs. O'Brien made the retort, although she flushed, and added, "'Tis but a bit of fun I'm having!"

At the gate Cathy almost did not look back at her mother to wave. But she was ashamed of that impulse, and sent a generous smile with the wave as atonement. But the charm-practice was becoming a nightmare to her. Girls and boys, unmaliciously enough, twitted her about her man-catching charms, until the world was a black place in which to live. Each careless jest and lilting laugh fell into her hurt, young ego, like sparks of hot fire. Desperately she tried to talk, to keep the set smile from betraying her feelings, and she was successful at great cost to herself.

The conversation, during a lull in the practice, turned to a new young man in the community.

"Awful bookish, if you ask me," Agnes declared.

"He's a college graduate, working here to get some sort of experience or other," another girl volunteered.

"Heavens, my child, he didn't confide that to you."

"No, told my brother."

"I thought so! Why the man would faint if a girl spoke to him! Blushes like a violet!"

"Violets don't blush," Agnes instructed.

"Well then, like a—like a—nasturtium!"

"All right, thumbs down on—Nasturtium! Is that the order?"

"Uh—huh!"

"I spoke to him to-day at the library and he did not faint either! He's as manly as any of the others that you girls tow around by the ribbons on your shoulder bouquets, and he's—different. Ambitious and occupied in doing

something!" Cathy spoke heatedly, the spark of her own misery flaming at injustice done another.

"Ahem! Well, what do you know—"

"Why, Cathy, have you got a chill—or something? Can't say as you keep the ribbon on your shoulder bouquet very busy!"

Then Agnes had a streak of brilliance.

"I know! I know! I've got it, girls, I've got it! Cathy, your mother's charms are working! Oh, poor, poor Nasturtium! You are doomed to blossom and fade in a cut-glass vase upon Cathy's heartstone! Poor, poor Nasturtium!"

Somehow Cathy found the courage to laugh with her friends, but as soon as she possibly could, without attracting attention, she left the auditorium and started home. At her own gate she slipped out of her slippers and tiptoed along the frosted walk to the porch steps where she sat down cautiously. Her mother must not hear a creak; must not know that she had left the girls to sit alone on the dark porch. The half moon that rode high and very far away was pale and unfriendly. The last, remaining wistaria leaf crackled, complained. Cathy hated everything—herself.

She sat there a few minutes, then tiptoed to her own room and went to bed. It was then that she pushed open a golden, glowing door and entered a make-believe world where sweethearts danced attendance upon her and did not expect her to giggle and gush and flirt in return. And here, before sleep finally banished her out of the joy of it, she adjusted all of her troubles. The interesting, bookish young man whom the girls were now calling "Nasturtium," asked her to go to the Thanksgiving Bazaar with him. And she would go, wearing pale green and pink rose buds and silver lace. She would dance, and her mother, the one-time belle of Kildare, would look at her from the arm of her handsome father, and be glad, and—

Suddenly, it was morning—shivery and gray, and she remembered.

"Nasturtium!" Oh, it was terrible! And charms, man-catching charms, stuck in her sleeves, tucked in her garters, blown upon her hair, pinned to her underskirt! Where next, and what?"

Cathy was to learn "where next" and "what" on the night of the Thanksgiving Bazaar. Neither the janitor nor "Nasturtium" had asked her. She would have preferred to go with her mother and father, but Agnes, and the accommodating Bill called, and her mother urged her to run along with the young people.

Again Mrs. O'Brien had almost forgotten. When she remembered, Cathy's nerves strummed suddenly and harshly like a snapping violin string.

"Oh, mother," she remonstrated.



"That's right, Mrs. O'Brien, the charm! Come on, Cathy, be a sport! Some of these times your mother will get the right charm!"

Obedient to her mother's request, Cathy handed her the dainty slipper from her left foot, and stood dully quiet and miserable, while salt was sprinkled generously into the toe.

"Salt in the slipper, is always good luck," Mrs. O'Brien defended.

"What are you expecting for Cathy, Mrs. O'Brien, a—bird man?"

"Yes, an aviator—maybe Lindy himself!"

The three left then and when they arrived at the auditorium and stood at the door, Cathy held her breath. How she loved color, beauty—and the auditorium was like a gorgeously tinted bubble, the creation of some aesthetic, giant fairy, who tilted the vivid thing now this way, now that, as his fancy dictated, and waited in an impatience of expectancy, born out of the scraping and tuning of violins.

Cathy wanted to be a part with that gay harmony of youth and color. She could dance well, and would not want for partners. If her friends would only forget the salt in her slipper. If Agnes would forget to tell! But Agnes

did not forget, and soon she wanted nothing so much as to run away from the music and laughter and teasing, and hide again in the dark of the front porch.

Suddenly she decided to do just that. She would explain to her mother, and there would be an end of this charm business. She should have done that first. Of course, her mother would understand. But before she could go home, she must empty the salt from her slipper, because it had become a damp, hurtful lump.

The dressing room was exploding with the chatter of girls. To shake out her slipper here would bring upon her more of the undesirable attention. Behind the stage was a small balcony. She decided to go there. The light on the balcony was very dim, and after coming from the brighter lights, the darkness partly blinded her, but she groped to one of the chairs, and sat down. With an audible sigh, she began unbuckling her slipper.

"I—I—beg your pardon!" The words reflected embarrassment.

Cathy rose up, startled. "Why—I—thought I was alone here! There is something in my slipper—" Her voice trailed off as she recognized the handsome,

severely bespectacled young chap—"Nasturtium."

"I'll leave," he suggested, rising. "I came in here to get away from—Well, you see possibly, I'm not very sociable, but I am a stranger, and—" he stumbled in the apology.

"Oh, don't go! Wait for me!" Her friendly invitation astonished herself. Then she sat quite still: There was still that salt in her slipper, and it was really difficult to walk.

Suddenly she laughed. "There is something in my slipper!"

"Oh, are you the girl with salt in her shoe? I've been hearing about you." It was a tactless remark and agitated Cathy. Then for the second time she laughed.

"Yes, I am that girl! Salt in the left shoe is

(Continued on page 326)



The Graf Zeppelin "at home"—Friedrichshafen—before its eventful flight to the United States. Leaving its base on Thursday, Oct. 11, at 1:52 a. m., with crew, passengers, mail, and freight, the giant dirigible reached our shores on Monday, Oct. 15, flying over New York City at 3:53 p. m. Buffeted by the winds and storms it encountered enroute, the monster air ship was a day behind schedule. The distance traveled was 6,000 miles and the time required was 111 hours and forty-one minutes. The direction of this journey by air is practically the same route that Columbus took by sea in 1492. Both the Zeppelin and the Santa Maria "discovered" America in mid-October—but what a change in the face of the country in four hundred and thirty-six years!

## Mystical Rose Tree of Jesus in Bethlehem

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B., Weingarten, Wuerttemberg

**B**ETHLEHEM is called by the Christmas Angel "the City of David," and justly so, because its whole history and significance rests on its connection with David's family. Bethlehem, signifying "The House of Bread," is also called "the fertile" Ephrata on account of the fruitful valleys surrounding it, which by their groves of olive trees, their prosperous fields of wheat, and their slopes rich with delicious grapes, form a pleasant contrast to the narrow valleys and rocky mountainsides of Judea. Yet the crescent-shaped ridge on which the town itself rests is as stony as the neighboring mountains. Here were settled at the time of Palestine's occupation by the Israelites under Josue the progenitors of David: Salmon, Booz, and Jesse. Of these three only Salmon, who distinguished himself at the siege of Jericho, appears before us as a hero of that strong and lionlike tribe of Juda, of whom the dying Patriarch had prophesied such glorious things. The soil of the town signifies well the spiritual barrenness of Jesse's maternal ancestors; of Rahab, the pagan and ill-famed woman of Jericho, whom Salmon had made his spouse for having saved his life and the lives of his companions; and of Ruth, the Moabite widow of a Judaite relation of Booz, whom the latter wedded. Thus could Isaiah later on truly say of the humble origin of the Savior as man: "He shall grow up as a root out of a thirsty ground."—(53:2.)

After Jesse there appeared some earthly splendor of that glory, which according to the great prophecy was to spring from his root: the youngest and smallest rod of Jesse's root, the king of Israel. It was a wonderful story, how God sent the ancient holy Judge and Prophet Samuel, saddened by the sin and rejection of Saul, to little Bethlehem to the simple husbandman Jesse, with the command to anoint one of his sons as the successor of king Saul. None of the six adult sons present, not even the first and tallest scion of the family, was the chosen of the Lord; and Jesse had to send for the seventh, the boy David, who was minding the sheep out in the fields. Samuel poured out over his head the oil of sacred unction in the private family circle to the astonishment of all, and thus the youngest was destined to start the most important branch springing from the root of Jesse.

For a long time the stripling was not able to strike root in the holy land. Although he became the harpist of the dejected Saul, then his

arm bearer, and, after the slaying of Goliath, even his son-in-law, yet he had repeatedly to flee for his life from the murderous designs of the jealous king. After the unhappy death of Saul he was chosen king, but only by the tribe of Juda and its small southern neighbors, and he settled for a time at the ancient city of Hebron, near the ancestral tombs of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, some fifteen miles south of Bethlehem. After he had been recognized as king by all the twelve tribes of Israel, he succeeded in wringing the fortified citadel Sion from the pagan Jebusites and then was able to move his residence to Jerusalem, and to make it at the same time the holy city and the glorious capital of that royal family which sprang from him and was never replaced by any other dynasty as long as the kingdom of Judea lasted.

To the fortified Mount Sion he translated the Arc of the Covenant and placed it in a new tabernacle; the altar of burnt offerings, and the sanctuary with the altar of incense were erected before the Arc, and daily sacrifices were offered according to the law. On the great feasts the pilgrims now wended their way to Jerusalem instead of to Silo. David, who already as a boy had composed some canticles of the Psalms, now added new ones for the use in the sanctuary, to be chanted by the Levites to the glory of God and for the edification of the people. His wish to promote God's glory by the erection of a magnificent temple he had to leave by God's command to his son Solomon, but he himself prepared before his death all the plans and the material. After Solomon's glorious beginning but sad ending his successors, beginning with Roboam, were only kings of the South of Palestine with Jerusalem as their capital. We hear nearly all their names read in the genealogy of our Lord at the beginning of Saint Matthew's gospel, from Roboam to Jehonias. Some of them were saints, like Ezechias and Joas; others, great sinners like Achaz; some began well like Ozias, others ended well like the cruel Manasses. Our ancestors in the Middle Ages were fond of filling the long gothic lancet windows in their churches with the Jesse tree, in which Jesse resting at the bottom forms the root and his descendants in the Messianic line appear in the leaves of the twigs.

With the Babylonian captivity the line of David lost its royalty forever, and the tree of Jesse was transplanted for 70 years into Mesopotamia. After the return Zorobabel appears as the leader of the people, the zealous promoter for the

rebuilding of the altar and of the temple, so that the prophet Aggeus could style him "a chosen signet of the Lord of hosts." But he was but a tribal head under an alien king; and of his descendants in the straight line nothing remarkable is put down by the sacred writers. Even when later on the holy land shook off the foreign yoke, the descendants of David remained in obscurity, and the kings and rulers were Machabees of the priestly family of Aaron.

Some of the stock of David must have returned from Babylon to Bethlehem, for at the census ordered by Augustus this town was considered the central habitation of the family of David, and therefore their proper meeting place. Yet the heads of the two most important lines, represented by Joachim's and Jacob's family did not dwell there; the former residing in Jerusalem, the latter having emigrated to the Galilean Nazareth.

After many vicissitudes the promised land had fallen as a province under the dominion of the Romans, who appointed as dependent king the Edomite Herod. Now the sceptre of royalty had definitely passed away from Juda, and the time was approaching when the "Expected of the nations" was to appear. Now also was the time that the grand prophecy of Isaias was to be fulfilled: "There shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise out of his root. And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him. . . . He shall not judge according to the sight of the eyes, nor reprove according to hearing of the ears. But he shall judge the poor with justice, and shall reprove with equity the meek of the earth: and he shall strike the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips he shall slay the wicked." After describing in the most glorious terms the peace, which should then be established the prophet continues: "In that day the Root of Jesse, who standeth for an ensign to the people, Him the gentiles shall beseech, and his sepulchre shall be glorious." And after describing the extent of the new kingdom of God on earth the prophet concludes with a most fervent hymn of praise and thanksgiving. (1:1 to 2:6.)

When the time of the fulfilment of Isaias' prophecy was approaching, God's hand prepared in a special way that rod which was to bud forth that most wonderful flower. By an unprecedented and unique operation of his mercy, wisdom, and power He inoculated into that rod an extraordinary and heavenly sap, which preserved it at its very inception and at its most intimate ligature with the parent stock from the corruption and uncleanness of original sin, which had inherited also in the rosebush of Jesse from its very inception; this was the privilege of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed

Lady. The rod thus sanctified first flourished for a time in the temple area of the holy city, under the very shadow of the sanctuary, and there were fulfilled in her the words of Sirach (24:15, ss.): "In the holy place I ministered unto Him," (i. e., the Most High). "And I took root in an honorable people, and in the portion of my God, his inheritance. I was exalted like a palm tree in Cades, and as a rose plant in Jericho."—For some reason unknown to us the holy Virgin was transferred to Nazareth, the "Flower" of Gallilee, and there another great divine operation was performed by the Holy Ghost in that wonderful rod of the root of Jesse. Her most pure and virginal body became the calix of the Divine Rose, and was also destined to be its hiding cover, before its budding forth on its ancestral soil.

When the blessed moment of his revelation to the world had arrived, the Heavenly Father had provided, that the maternal rod should be taken to Bethlehem, and he had for this purpose moved the heart of the pagan Emperor Augustus, to order for that very time a census of the population of Palestine; so that the promise given through Micheas (5:1) should be fulfilled. In that wonderful Christmas night the most chosen flower of the root of Jesse was unfolded, in the stable of Bethlehem, announced by the angels, and venerated by the simple shepherd folk of the neighborhood.

The newborn Babe in the manger was in the fullest sense a mystical Rose, hiding the greatest mysteries of God in his humble limbs, but at the same time symbolising them through his supernatural beauty, the attractive fragrance of his gentleness, and the balmy oil of his saving grace, which flowed from him into the hearts of all, who received him in faith, and good will, and it gladdened their hearts with spiritual consolation.

But in order that the oil of grace should be poured out in fulness this beautiful Rose was to be crushed; and the tiny Baby submitted with full consciousness to the Will of the Father to the painful circumcision, which was the preamble of his sacred Passion and Death on the Cross. But to His surroundings these dreadful mysteries were then still hidden, and the ancient couple in the temple courts of Jerusalem as well as the Wise Men from the East were only impressed with the sweet and graceful appearance of the Christmas Rose, which, according to His humanity, sprang up from the root of Jesse on the fruitful rock of Bethlehem.

As the species of bread and wine undergo a change at the Consecration of the Mass, so the soul, in a way of its own, is changed when it receives the Body of Christ.



## A Diamond Jubilee



FATHER BENNO  
DIAMOND JUBILARIAN

The life of the jubilarian and the history of St. Meinrad Abbey are so closely interwoven as to be almost inseparable. Father Benno was born on Nov. 2, 1845, near the neighboring town of Ferdinand. On March 21, 1854, a colony of Benedictine monks from the renowned abbey of Maria Einsiedeln, Switzerland, took formal possession of the log cabin in which eventually became St. Meinrad Abbey. For some four years, however, religious and monastic life could not be carried out in its full vigor in this humble beginning. It was not until Nov. 28, 1858, that the small community was able to begin the solemn chant of the Divine Office in choir, a service that has continued unbroken down to the present time. In September, 1860, when the young institution threw open its doors for its first term of school, Frank Gerber, as he was then known, Father Benno, the jubilarian of to-day, enrolled as a student. On his arrival he found the future abbey nestled on the hillside in the virgin forest. The village of St. Meinrad had as yet not been laid out. Owing to the fact that he

THE golden jubilee of ordination is observed occasionally, but comparatively few priests live to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary, or their diamond jubilee. The first of our community, to whom this rare privilege has been accorded, is Father Benno, who was ordained on Sept. 22, 1868. Out of deference to the wishes of the venerable jubilarian, there was no public celebration of the event, just a family feast. On the morning of Sept. 25 Father Benno was celebrant of a Solemn Votive High Mass of Thanksgiving in honor of Our Blessed Lady.

had begun his course in Latin under the late lamented Father Isidore Hobi, O. S. B., who was then pastor at Ferdinand, he could take more advanced work than the beginners. One year later, in 1861, Bishop de St. Palais sent the students of the diocese of Vincennes, as it was then called, to St. Meinrad to be trained for the priesthood. That was the beginning of St. Meinrad Seminary, which has been functioning ever since.

Having decided to cast his lot with the Benedictines at St. Meinrad, the jubilarian of to-day was admitted to the novitiate. On the feast of Our Blessed Lady of Einsiedeln, July 16, 1864, he made his religious profession as Frater Benno. He then followed the prescribed courses in philosophy and theology. As there was a dearth of priests in those pioneer days to minister to the ever-increasing number of the faithful, the course of studies was oftentimes shortened. Accordingly, the class of '68 was required to do intensive work. The theological students of the last course that year had no summer vacation, but spent the hot months conning over their text books and attending lectures in preparation for the approaching ordinations, which took place at St. Meinrad in ember week on Sept. 22, Bishop de St. Palais officiating. Father Benno is now the sole survivor

(Continued on page 298)



John Gerber

Father Benno

Sister M. Hildegard

Peter Gerber

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE



## Notes of Interest

### From the Field of Science

—'New science always defeats old science,' writes Dr. Kirtley F. Mather, professor of geology at Harvard. In his book entitled: 'Science in Search of God,' he deals in a reverent way with a problem that commands much public attention. The author cannot be endorsed in all his conclusions, but he writes much that shows a natural Christian trend. He admits man to be free within certain limits as determined by heredity and environment. The mystical knowledge of God—'when spirit meets Spirit'—is acknowledged. There are spiritual forces which science has never fathomed, whilst prayer may be taken as one of the established laws of the universe.

—That mosquitoes prefer horses to men on their menus, is a rather startling statement. In the study of malarial control in Porto Rico, an effort was made to exterminate the malarial mosquito. Some mosquitoes refused to be exterminated, and plagued their human enemies at night,—unless some inviting stable with horses or cows offered better repast. This has led to serious study and observation on the part of scientists. The inference from the observations is unusual. Man may be as ruthless as he wishes in exterminating mosquitoes,—some will breed in spite of man. These will be made less dangerous to man by providing food and shelter for them elsewhere than in human habitations.

—Food prejudices are found to exist in all parts of the world. Dr. C. W. Townsend in the *Scientific Monthly* calls attention to many. New foods are welcome to the cosmopolite, but not to the ignorant, the child, and the savage. The wise parent educates the child to eat what is set before it and to be thankful. The author cites many interesting examples of these prejudices. To eat 'crow' has an unpleasant metaphorical flavor, yet in Pickwick's time, rook eating was common. And a rook is a crow. In Labrador, young gulls are delicacies, and the cormorant an abhorrence, yet the gull feeds on fish long dead, whilst cormorants devour fresh fish. It is well known that the introduction of potatoes and tomatoes into Europe was a slow and difficult process. In many parts of the British Isles, corn meal is held fit only for poultry. In Labrador, turnip greens are eaten, but the beet greens thrown away. The author cites a case of one man who up till the age of twenty-one ate no other vegetable than the potato. He concludes that the man's education would have been much better had he been trained to eat what was set before him.

—Weather men are watching the volcanoes. The famous year 1816 'without a summer' followed terrific volcanic eruption. Many other vagaries in weather have followed like occurrences. For instance, in 1883, the East Indian volcano Krakatoa destroyed 36,000 lives, and was followed by a period of very low temperature. The violent eruptions this summer, culminat-

ing with the explosion of Roketinda and the killing of thousands of natives on the Island of Paloweh, have caused weather men to ask whether greater eruptions are to come, and whether a cold summer is to be expected next year.

—A study of meteoric showers has shown their connection with comets. A comet is not a single body, but is made up of many meteors.

—The great number of bathers near the larger cities has polluted the waters according to several authorities. The spread of certain contagious diseases has been traced to such sources.

—The 'auto-sleeper,' or bus pullman, a sleeping car for bus traffic, has made its debut in England, travelling regularly at nights between Liverpool and London. It promises to open a new era in bus travel.

—The heavens in Central Asia have been explored by pilot balloons sent up daily for over a year. Air currents up to nine miles high have been charted, and are expected to yield much information as to the high and low barometric areas which sweep from Asia into Europe.

—Fireproof paper is announced from Germany. It is not an asbestos product, but ordinary paper treated with certain chemicals.

—Uncle Sam is investigating the birth of icebergs. The cutter Marion, now in Greenland waters, seeks to chart the ocean currents that bring the icebergs into the regular steamer tracks.

—Radio waves of short wave length have been detected after circling the earth two and a half times. These signals come in a fraction of a second later than the first signal, and produce an effect called 'echo' signals. This echo threatens to be a real hindrance for higher power transmission.

### "APPLIED" SCIENCE

—It is requisite for the relaxation of the mind that we make use, from time to time, of playful deeds and jokes.—St. Thomas in his *Summa Theologica*.

—One school lad derives the word pious from the noun pie, meaning full of pie.

—Effective oratory in certain large cities is very bombastic.

—The complaint about the high cost of living, according to historical research, started when patches went out of style.

—Did the designer of the telephone booth also invent the breakfast nook?

—The extreme evolutionist may claim millions of years for man to ascend from a monkey, but it takes much less time for the descent.

—If all the motor cars are placed end to end, it is Sunday afternoon.

—The U. S. Department of Agriculture rules that the watermelon is a vegetable,—not a fruit or a bath.

—Chemistry text books tell us that certain chemicals are of no use to man. The authors are probably unacquainted with certain people making beverages.

—Heredity often brings to the younger brother certain trousers. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

### Miscellaneous

—Dr. Bernard O'Connor, a general practitioner, died at his desk in Louisville, Ky., on Sept. 1. Near at hand lay a prescription pad on which were written the words: "May God have mercy on me." Dr. O'Connor was an exemplary Catholic with a host of friends. Rev. Francis O'Connor, a brother of the deceased, was celebrant of the solemn funeral Mass, in which Rev. Edgar O'Connor, a nephew, served as deacon.

—The Carmelites are building a national shrine in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on Mt. St. Elias, Angamaly, Karukutty, S. India. Their appeal for funds with which to erect this shrine comes even to our shores. The cause is a worthy one. Spiritual advantages are offered to contributors. Rev. Fr. Stephen, T. O. C. D., St. Teresa's Carmelite Monastery, Ampazhakad, Mala, Cochín, S. India, is authorized to receive contributions towards the shrine.

—The Doctors Mayo, well-known surgeons of Rochester, Minn., are erecting a new clinic that will cover the greater part of a city block and will be nineteen stories high. The Mayo Clinic, which it is said, will be the largest in the world, is named after Dr. Wm. M. Mayo, father of the present surgeons. Although these famous surgeons are not Catholics, Franciscan Sisters of Our Lady of Lourdes conduct their hospital, which bears the name of St. Mary. About 10,000 patients are treated annually in this hospital, which is connected with the new clinic.

—A unique reception into the Franciscan novitiate took place at Cincinnati on the feast of St. Matthew when the Provincial of the Province of St. John Baptist clothed with the habit of the order Mr. Joseph Cheng, of Wuchang, Hupeh, China. The district from which Joseph, now Fr. Sylvester, hails, is in charge of the Franciscans of the Cincinnati Province. Rt. Rev. Sylvester Espelage, O. F. M., of Cincinnati, is superior of the Wuchang Prefecture.

—Two Indiana priests had the distinction of celebrating their diamond jubilees of ordination in recent months. The one is Rev. Bernard Wiedau, of Fort Wayne, retired, who is hale and hearty at the age of eighty-eight; the other is Rev. Benno Gerber, O. S. B., of St. Meinrad, who has been treasurer at the abbey nearly fifty years.

—We read that during the great drouth that prevailed recently in northern Italy a whole night was spent in prayer in the Valle Giudicarie of the Trentino to obtain rain. At 2:30 a. m. of that night a vast torch light procession left the church of S. Croce, where religious services had been held, and mid vocal prayer and hymns wended its way up to the top of Monte Grande where priests and people knelt for two hours in prayer. Before evening of that day a copious rain fell.

—On Saturday, Oct. 6, the date set for the opening of the law courts in New York, the Red Mass was offered up at St. Andrew's Church, under the auspices of the Catholic Lawyers' Guild. This is the first time that the Red Mass, which is henceforward to be an annual affair, has been offered up in this country.

—The telephone as a popular means of communication is quite extensively used in the United States. It is said that we have about 16,000,000 'phones.' By way of comparison, New York is reported to have more telephones than Great Britain; Chicago, more than France; Philadelphia, more than Belgium and Holland together; Pittsburgh, more than Italy.

—The *New Era*, a weekly newspaper that is published at Parker, S. D., printed the Bible in its columns on the instalment plan. Twenty-two years and eight months were required to complete the whole Bible.

### Benedictine

—Dom Placid Maria Nicolini, O. S. B., S. T. D., Abbot of Holy Trinity Abbey, Cava, Italy, near Salerno, a monastery that dates back to 1011, is now Bishop of Assisi. The consecration took place on Sept. 2 in the beautiful abbey Church at Cava.—Five of Dom Nicolini's saintly predecessors in the abbatial chair were recently declared Blessed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

—The Benedictines of Subiaco, Arkansas, not only opened Corpus Christi College at Corpus Christi, Texas, on Sept. 11, but they also opened another school in the same state. At Forth Worth, in the diocese of Dallas, they have taken over the management of Laneri College, which was previously conducted by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. The pastoration of St. Mary's Church in the same city, formerly ministered to by the Vincentians, has likewise been committed to their care. The monks of Subiaco have charge also of a number of other parishes in the diocese of Dallas.

—The first retreat for laymen in the diocese of Corpus Christi was conducted at the new Corpus Christi College towards the end of the summer by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Edward Burgert, O. S. B., Ph. D., of Subiaco.

—Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., whose eighty-second birthday occurred on October 5, spent his summer vacation in his native land, England. His Eminence is at the head of the Biblical Commission in Rome.

—Rev. Matthew Britt, O. S. B., of St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Washington, whose "Hymns of the Brevariary" in Latin and English was so well received, now has a companion volume on the market—"A Dictionary of the Psalter." The object of the Dictionary is to give an exhaustive analysis of difficult words and obscure passages of the Psalter. This volume will presumably be welcomed by the clergy, the religious communities, and the educated laity.

—The monks of Caldey, being unable to raise the funds necessary for retaining the Isle of Caldey, are moving to Prinknash Park, Gloucester, to property that was donated to them by Lord Rothes. Cistercian monks from the continent will now occupy Caldey Isle.

(Continued on page 326)

## Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

### Our Sioux Indian Missionaries

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

### The Vanguard of Winter

Yes, it is here, Jack Frost's first onslaught. November finds the Dakotas enjoying their first snowflakes. Sometimes they come very early; and then they do not come in scant, timid flurries. Oh no; when Jack Frost begins up there, he starts right in with a will, and stages a blizzard first thing. He does not believe in half measures, evidently. Picture to yourself the great, empty, flat, wind-blown prairie, unbroken on all sides, as far as the eye can see. The only thing on the landscape to break the monotony is the little group of mission buildings; the skies are leaden, lowering; every now and then a long gale blows, then dies away again—the vanguard of the storm. It grows darker and darker; suddenly, one snowflake, two, three, a dozen come sifting slowly out of the leaden cloud-wrack above. Suddenly it is upon us; a swirling gale, a sullen roar, a howl, and we are in the midst of a wild whirl of snowflakes. Faster and faster they fall, thicker and thicker becomes the atmosphere, until in a few minutes it is impossible to see more than a yard or two ahead especially because of the blinding snow that is driven by the violent wind.

When one of these storms strikes, everyone remains indoors as much as possible. At Immaculate Conception Mission, some years ago, one of the sisters crossed the school yard to another building during a heavy blizzard. On her way back the storm had become so thick that she could not see where she was heading, and, instead of returning to the main building, she began going the opposite way. After circling around fruitlessly for no one knows how long, she finally succumbed to the intense cold, (which often reaches thirty to forty degrees below zero), and was found frozen to death but a short distance from the school.

### Blankets and Coats

Now is the time when all the clothing that was sent in by people during the summer months will come in mighty handy. The sisters are carefully looking over every bundle, taking out all the coats, sweaters, knickers, etc., that have been sent, and the children are first fitted out. When they have been all supplied,

the surplus clothing is given to the Indians who come every day to the mission asking for help. Not a coat or pair of trousers, or socks or cap or hat but finds someone whom it fits, and many a simple heart is made happy by such a gift of sorely needed apparel.

Overcoats and ladies' and girls' heavy winter coats are very badly needed at all three missions. If you have an old overcoat that no one uses, wrap it up in strong brown paper, and write the name of one of the missions (addresses appear at the top of the Mission Page) on it, and make someone happy; or ladies' plush coats; many people have them hanging in their closets and no one cares for them, but they are "just too good to throw away." The old clothes man might give fifteen cents for a coat that once cost forty dollars, and you just cannot make up your mind to let him have it. Don't. To some poor Indian woman it will look like a million dollars. Why not send it to her to warm her poverty-stricken limbs?

And blankets! so many are needed at the three schools. Very often they are short of them, and the cold bites deeply up in the Northwest. Little shivering bodies must be covered and kept warm during the wild wintry nights. Perhaps you have one or two faded blankets that you are thinking of replacing with new ones. Send them to the mission. Remember, what you have done to a little Indian child, you have done to Christ Himself. Jesus is deeply grateful for everything you do for His little ones; He is touched by your kindness and your love. He is made to suffer so much in gratitude and irreverence and blasphemy in this world that any soul that performs little acts of kindness in His name draws down His loving attention at once. You feel His love, His tender care, His protection; perhaps you do not notice them and do not pay much attention to them, but the pleasant little things that happen to you, the little things that you call "good luck," and you take for granted, are so many little rewards and compensations for good and charitable work you may have done.

### St. Paul's New Chapel

If "expansion augurs success," then our three Benedictine missions are succeeding despite their ever-present poverty. For they all three had tiny beginnings, which, like the mustard seed of the Gospel, grew and expanded until it became a mighty tree. St. Paul's Mission is getting a new chapel, because the old one is far, far too small to accommodate all the faithful Indian Catholics who, in the course of time, have been brought to the true Faith. There are new converts all the time; non-Catholic parents bring their children to the mission school to be educated, and these, receiving instruction and baptism, bring



All aboard for Marty!

F. Sylvester leaving Fort Totten with load of children for Marty





*Children togged out from charity boxes  
Hapan fears the camera*

the light of Faith home during the vacation months. Many of these children tell their parents all they have learned about religion, and the old folks are attracted, and soon ask to be instructed for baptism too.

But, as usual, Father Sylvester is obliged to build his chapel on his great trust in God. For pocketbooks are nearly always flat around mission localities, what with daily household expenditures, money given out for school supplies, church necessities, and frequent help given direct to poor families. There are doctor bills and funeral expenses to pay, for many are the sick and the dying, and when there is no money in the family exchequer, Father must come forward and help.

Father Sylvester will erect a bronze tablet to all those who help him in a generous way to build this enlarged House of God. There will be eight new windows too, and anyone wanting to buy one, will have his name placed upon it.

### *Finished Quilts*

Father Sylvester has purchased a number of quilts from poor Indian women who make their living this way, and he wants to know if anyone would like to buy them. These are all pieced together neatly in pretty-colored designs, backed, filled with cotton and quilted. The prices are \$10.50, \$11, \$12, \$12.50, and \$15.00. Baby quilts, one silk at \$6.00, one cotton, \$5.00, in star design. These are all carefully handmade, and well worth the price when one considers all the patient work that goes into them. If you want to do a real work of charity, and at the same time, possess something that not everyone has, purchase one of these quilts. Send check to CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo., or direct to Father Sylvester.

### *Seven Dolors Mission*

The new church in this mission is called "Our Lady of Sorrows Church," while the new school is named "Little Flower School." Work is going on slowly, and eager, patiently-waiting children daily ask Father Ambrose "When will the school be finished? Can't we come soon?" "Yes, yes, dear children," he replies. "Pretty soon it will be finished, and then you may all come. But you must pray hard to the Little Flower that she may send us benefactors, so we can pay for the building materials." Father's heart aches to see them so eager, so willing to learn, to be good little citizens, faithful children of God, and yet he can do nothing to rush the work along. "Ah," he sighs, "if

only kind friends will please help me to give these children an affirmative answer!"

Novenas to the Little Flower are constantly going on for all benefactors. If you have suddenly received an answer to your prayers for something you have wanted for a long time, or if you have received many favors in answer to prayer in a quick and surprising way—depend upon it, it is the little Indian children praying for you—those little souls so innocent and dear to the Heart of God; He cannot refuse them anything. He looks upon them with as much love and tenderness as when He held the little ones in His divine arms down here on earth.

And, now, too, in this month of November, don't forget to send Father Ambrose your Mass stipends. Many parishes have their Mass dates all taken, so that everyone who wishes Masses said cannot be satisfied except by waiting a long while. If you wish to have a Mass or a number of Masses said on certain dates for your departed relatives or friends, Father Ambrose will be glad to say them, as he is never overcrowded with dates. The thirty Gregorian Masses have been known to liberate souls from purgatory; that is, thirty Masses, said in unbroken succession. It is sometimes difficult to have a series of Masses said without interruption like this, but the missionary will be glad to say them for you.

### *The New School Building*

The new Little Flower School is under roof, and being plastered, but the work is progressing very slowly. Cement workers are needed, and Father Ambrose finds these extremely hard to get. Only a small force is available. Until the floors are completed, the carpenters will be unable to go ahead with their work. The floors will be of cement, in order to make this a completely fireproof school, which will indeed be a boon. It will forever take away the danger of destruction by fire. But alas, Father says there are constant delays in getting materials and equipment, and this has set the work back far more than he thought possible a month ago. Besides, cold weather will put a stop to the plastering and cementing, and as soon as this happens, work on the school will stop altogether, until spring, when the weather warms up again.

So the poor little children of Seven Dolors will have to wait another season for their school, and doubtless, by the time it is completed, vacation time will be here again. But let us hope the cementing and plastering will be completed before the severe weather puts a stop to it, for, after that, the carpenters can get to work, even though it is cold.

*(Continued on page 332)*



*Looking pleasant for the photographer*



MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—November is ushered in on Thursday, a holy day of obligation when every Catholic is bound to abstain from servile works, and to attend Mass, if possible.

An appropriate Bible verse for this day upon which we may reflect is taken from the 49th Psalm, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

All Souls Day follows All Saints Day. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

Recently a missionary, or a priest working in the interest of the foreign missions, talked to the children of a small country church about how much good they could do by saving ten cents a month and sending it to foreign missions and he asked the children there to sign pledge cards to send sixty cents a year, if they were under fourteen years of age and one dollar and twenty cents a year if they were older. He explained that the children who would make this sacrifice were not only helping to save souls but they also were laying up treasures for themselves in heaven. He told of the millions of dollars spent by non-Catholics for the support of the foreign missions and urged that the Catholics see that they were sitting idly by but they too were willing to work in the vineyard of the Master.

There was not a child in the congregation who was unwilling to do his part in helping and each signed a pledge card to that effect. The good priest went on to explain that the society that fostered this movement for the support of the mission offers prayers for its benefactors and that when these contributors to the mission were dead that prayers would still be offered for them—for the repose of their souls should they be suffering in purgatory.

It would seem that All Souls' Day would be an opportune time each year to make a contribution to the missions.

Not only during November should one pray for the dead, but each day during the year. It takes little time to say, "May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen."

#### BIBLE VERSES

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul.

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.

Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall render an account of it on the day of judgment.

Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish.

The Lord hath delivered me from every evil work, and he will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom.

He that hath two coats let him give to him that hath none.

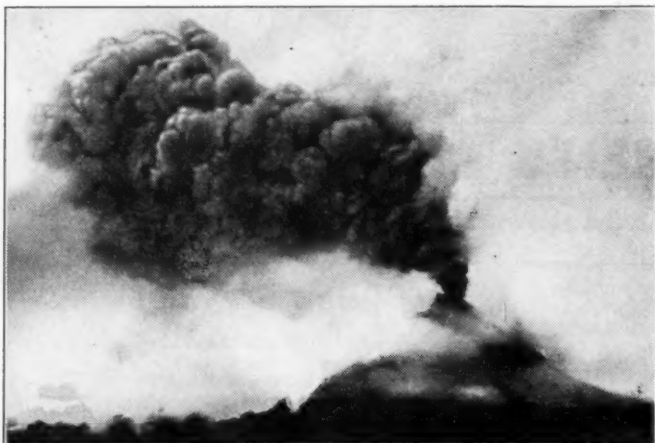
Sow for yourselves in justice and reap for the mouth of mercy.

As the heart panteth after the fountain of waters so my soul panteth after Thee, O God.

Show us, O Lord, thy mercy and grant us thy salvation.

#### Why Can't I Fill That Chair?

Say, Daddy, won't you tell me  
The terrible news I heard?  
I scarcely can believe it  
Each cold and cruel word.  
They say because I worship Christ  
And Catholic doctrines share,  
I never can be President  
Or hope to fill that chair.  
You fought beneath Old Glory,  
In the late and terrible war,  
And the shot and shell that rose and fell  
Some Catholic heart it tore,  
Both pain and desolation  
The Catholic home did share;  
And if I serve my country, Dad,  
Why can't I fill that chair?  
You often spoke of Grandpa,  
Who fought in sixty-three,  
You have followed in his footsteps  
And expect the same of me.  
I promise to follow Old Glory  
And my country's troubles share,  
And serving both God and nation, Dad,  
Why can't I fill that chair?  
Wasn't Columbus, who found our country,  
A Catholic by birth?  
Wasn't Isabella's sacrifice  
A tribute Catholic worth?  
With the signers of Independence  
Whose memory we revere  
Wasn't Charles Carroll of Carrollton  
Fit to fill that chair?  
Didn't the Father of our Country  
To his men, as he bade 'Farewell,'  
Speak of his Catholic soldiers  
Who fought, and bled, and fell?  
He praised the Catholic nation  
That helped sweet freedom there  
Then why keep the Yankee Catholic  
From filling the President's Chair?  
Wasn't the Constitution, Daddy,  
Written for one and all?  
Won't the Stars and Stripes  
Protect the one who answered every call?  
Won't Catholic life and Catholic blood  
That always gave its share,  
Convince the world that we're loyal  
And fit to fill that chair?  
And far away in Europe, Dad,  
In many a silent grave,  
There rests the form of a Catholic boy  
So noble, true and brave;  
And they didn't tell him, Daddy,  
As he started "over there,"  
That he was only fit to fight and die,  
And not to fill the chair!  
Oh! Glorious Flag of Freedom,  
Oh! Flag of our Native Land,



Mayon Volcano (Philippine Islands) at 6:15 a. m. on July 21, 1928

Uphold the Constitution  
And by its doctrine stand.  
Protect your native children,  
Let despots not ensnare,  
And give to them their birthright—  
The Right to Fill that Chair!—Exchange.

### The Feasts of November

V. D.

What is more pleasant than to enter whole-heartedly into the pious and loving sentiments of our holy Mother the Church? On *November 1* she parts the veil separating us from heaven and allows us to feel some of the joy which is now being experienced by the countless saints who already people the Eternal Kingdom. And in that momentary vision the saints beckon us onward and upward, holding out to us their own example as an incentive to a more perfect and fervent pursuit of virtue.

Like the "fade-out" in the movies, the scene changes gradually from heaven to purgatory. Our joyous feelings melt imperceptibly and mould themselves anew into strong sentiments of sympathy and compassion. Shortly after noon on All Saints Day we are striving to gain the *toties quoties* indulgence for the faithful departed, and when *Nov. 2* dawns, all our thoughts and prayers are directed to alleviating the pains of the distressed souls in purgatory. These two days, closely following each other, are liturgically among the choicest commemorations on the Church calendar. The first, observed from very early times, brings to our minds the true bond of brotherhood which unites us to the Church Triumphant, while the solemn Commemoration of the Departed, which was first made of general observance in 998 by St. Odilo, a Benedictine abbot of Cluny, recalls the duties of impetration and satisfaction we owe the Poor Souls.

*Nov. 4* is sacred to the memory of St. Charles Borromeo, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan in Italy. He was not only a man wise beyond his years but an indefatigable worker as well. The labors he undertook in connection with the Council of Trent, the restoration of discipline, the holding of synods, and the building of colleges and seminaries were of great service in the Church's hour of need during the days of the so-called Reformation. He died in 1584.

The anniversary of the dedication of an old, old

church, St. John Lateran in Rome, the mother of all the churches in the world, is called to mind on *Nov. 9*. This feast is called the Dedication of St. Savior Basilica, for that is the name Pope St. Sylvester gave to the Lateran when he consecrated it on *Nov. 9, 324*.

Few saints were as popular in the early centuries as St. Martin of Tours, whose feast falls on *Nov. 11*. The story of how Christ rewarded him for his generosity in dividing his army cloak with a beggar is known to every devout Catholic.

St. Gertrude the Great, a Cistercian abbess, is duly honored on *Nov. 15 (or 17)* as the foremost prophetess of the love of God and the earliest great proclaimer of the Sacred Heart devotion. She rose to such heights of perfection that Christ Himself said, "You will find Me in the Blessed Sacrament and in the heart of Gertrude." Many years after her death a town in New Mexico was built in her honor, and to-day the West Indies honor her as their special patroness.

*November 18* reminds us of the consecration of the two great basilicas in Rome, St. Peter's on the Vatican Hill and St. Paul's outside the Walls. The solemn act of consecration was performed by Pope St. Sylvester in the first quarter of the fourth century.

The virtues of the noble wife and widow, St. Elisabeth of Thuringia, are presented for our imitation on *Nov. 19*. Her unbounded love for the poor was remarkable, even when, after her husband's death, she was cast out of the royal palace with her three children by a brutal and unfeeling brother-in-law. She died at the age of twenty-four in 1231.

In September we celebrated two feasts concerning Mary's childhood; having commemorated her Birthday and her Nameday, we now (*Nov. 21*) rejoice over her Presentation in the Temple. At a very early date this feast was kept with great splendor by the Greek Church, but not until 1585 did it have the character of a universal feast in the Roman Church. Each festival of our Blessed Mother should be a source of special joy to her devout and confiding children.

The childlike figure of the Roman virgin-martyr, St. Cecilia, arrests our attention on *Nov. 22*. After making good Christians and heroic martyrs of her pagan wooer and his brother, she was finally condemned to be beheaded in the year 230. The Church of St. Cecilia in Rome is one of the precious treasures of the Transtevere district. Her body lies there in state and is guarded by a number of Virgins of the Order of St. Benedict.

The *Oratio* (oration or prayer in the Mass and the office) for the feast of St. Sylvester, a Benedictine abbot (*Nov. 26*), sufficiently expresses what the Church would have us learn of this holy man: O most merciful God, Who, when the holy abbot Sylvester stood by the side of an open grave pondering over the emptiness of the things of this world, didst vouchsafe to call him into the wilderness—most humbly we beseech Thee, that by despising earthly wealth even as he despised it, we may come one day to have part in Thine everlasting happiness.

*November 30* is dedicated to the apostle, St. Andrew, who bore testimony to the faith of Christ by his preaching in Scythia and Thrace and later by his glorious martyrdom. The St. Andrew's cross, which has the shape of the letter X, takes its name from the shape of the cross used for his execution.



## LETTER BOX

(All letters for the CHILDREN'S CORNER should be addressed to AGNES BROWN HERING, Royal, Nebraska.)

### SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any word.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

Wilhelmina Tafs (age 15), 549 Perry St., Trenton, N. J.

Anna Tafs (age 11), 549 Perry St., Trenton, N. J.  
Antoinette Zavitosky (age 8), 771 Sherman Blvd., Milwaukee, Wis.

Patricia A'Hearn (age 13), 107 Woodworth Ave., Joliet, Ill.

Elizabeth Mary Cody (age 15), Seton Hospital, Riverdale, N. Y.

Mary Keely (age 16), 141 West Hanover St., Trenton, N. J.

Federico F. Tamayo, 622 South Bixel St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Celia Casta (age 17), Box 5, Legaspi, Albay, Philippine Islands.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Maybe you'll get surprised to receive a letter from this part of the world, but then, I can't help wanting to become a Cornerite. Now, I think before I go on, I had better introduce myself.

If you accept me as a Cornerite, then you may count on a brown-complexioned, black-haired daughter of the tropics as one of your new "nieces." Now, tho I am a girl from the Far East, I am not a heathen, nor a convert, for my country has been a Catholic one ever since the Spaniards came, and that was in the sixteenth century. I am a Senior of St. Agnes, an Academy conducted by German Benedictine Sisters. Literature is my favorite subject, while physics is simply the nightmare of my student life. Well, so much for myself. There's something I am going to tell you which I think will interest you.

On the 20th of last month (July), our class was hard at composition, when an excited girl called us to the window. Even before we had reached it, rumbling sounds began lending our limbs some speed. What unusual sight could have made some of us look anxious? The eruption of Mayon! Mayon, the most symmetrical beautiful volcanic cone in the world, was indeed in a far from peaceful mode. It was grand to watch the mass of dark smoke mingling with the white, fleecy clouds, while the incandescent stones belched from the crater to a town not very far from the Academy. If you have heard cannons at work, then you'll get some idea of the sounds that issued from the volcano. While watching this glorious beauty, the Sisters and we, sang "Holy God We Praise Thy Name." After the roaring sounds had ceased, we marched to the chapel where Benediction was held. Even before Rosary was half thru, parents began claiming their children. Tho Fr. Selga, the director of the Weather Bureau, stated that there was no immediate danger, many people left this town, which is some eight miles from the base of the volcano. The deep, artillery-like sounds, and the red-hot stones, and the flames, all contributed to make some towns uninhabited. But a few weeks ago, when all these phenomena appeared only a few times a day,

the refugees began returning to their deserted homes, tho in some places, people still leave their homes in the evenings for fear of the molten rocks.

Now, dear Aunt Agnes, I am going to confide in you and the Cornerites, that I shall be only too glad to receive letters from different countries. I still have heaps of school works waiting for me to tackle them, so I must leave you now, tho not without first saying that I extend my best wishes to every reader of the Grail.

Your hoping-to-be-niece, Celia Casta, Legaspi, Albay, Philippine Islands.

P. S. I am sending the pictures of the volcano for the "Corner."

This is a splendid letter, Celia. Let us hear from you again.

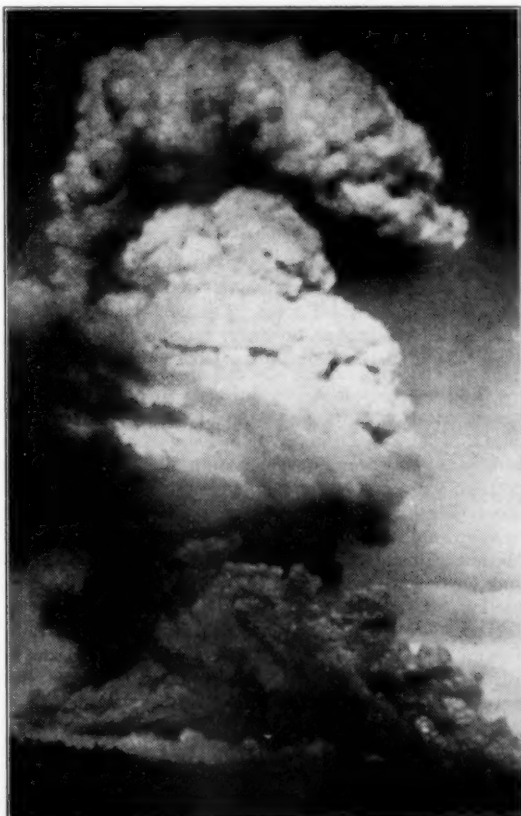
Dear Aunt Agnes:

When I was way back home in the Philippine Islands I wanted almost all time to send you my letter, but in spite of my ardent wish I failed.

I would be very much pleased if you can count me as one of the cornerites and have the pleasure of introducing me, the "A California Poppy," of Los Angeles, California.

I shall be very glad to hear from any body.—Sincerely yours, Federico F. Tamayo, 632 S. Bixel St., Los Angeles, Calif.

(Continued on page 333)



The same Volcano thirty minutes later

### Benedictine Notes

(Continued from page 320)

land, which they purchased about three years ago. There can be no doubt that it is with heavy hearts that these monks depart from their beloved Caldey, which gave their community birth, first as Anglicans, then as converts to Mother Church.—Prinknash (pronounced Prinmage), the new home of the Caldey Monks, belonged to the great Abbey of Gloucester in pre-Reformation days. A newspaper correspondent, who visited the place recently, says that "a labyrinth of trees and shrubs shuts the old house in like a shroud. The place has been left to itself for years." And again he describes it as a "lonely but beautiful retreat." He is, furthermore, of the opinion that "it will be secluded enough for the most fastidious monks."

—St. Anselm's Priory, the Benedictine foundation at Washington near the Catholic University, is growing in numbers. The old farm building that up to the present has sheltered the young community will soon have to be abandoned for more commodious quarters. According to plans now under way the erection of buildings for chapel, library, refectory, assembly rooms, and monastic cells for about thirty monks will begin early in 1929. Approximately two hundred thousand dollars will be needed for the purpose. The community is praying God to send benefactors to assist them in the undertaking.

—October 3 was the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of Father Aloysius Hermanutz, O. S. B., among the Indians at White Earth, Minn. Rt. Rev. Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., S. T. D., of St. John's Abbey, celebrated Pontifical High Mass on the occasion. The Bishop of Crookston, Rt. Rev. Timothy Corbett, D. D., preached the festive sermon. Sister M. Lioba, O. S. B., another veteran of the same mission, has also spent fifty years at White Earth. Twelve Benedictine Sisters, with Sr. Lioba as their superior, conduct St. Benedict's Industrial for Indian Girls.

—With solemn rites, similar to those prescribed for the consecration of a bishop, the Rt. Rev. Lambert Burton, O. S. B., a monk of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan., was blessed at Pontifical High Mass and formally installed in office as second Abbot of St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Wash., on Tuesday morning, Oct. 2. The impressive ceremonies took place in Holy Rosary Church, Tacoma. Most Rev. Edward D. Howard, D. D., of Portland, Ore., pontificated and conferred the abbatial benediction. Rt. Rev. Edward J. O'Dea, Bishop of Seattle was present in the sanctuary. The Rt. Rev. Abbots Martin Veth, O. S. B., of Atchison, Kan., and Bernard Murphy, O. S. B., of Mt. Angel, Ore., were assistants to the Abbot-elect during the Pontifical High Mass. Rt. Rev. Mgr. D. A. Hanly, V. G., preached the sermon. Several Monsignori, a large number of priests and sisters of the diocese, besides a congregation that filled the church attended the ceremonies. We wish Abbot Lambert many fruitful years in the high office that has been imposed upon him. *Ad multos annos!*

### The House of the Three Larches

(Continued from page 306)

the village, beautiful in the early light of this calm May morning. As he went farther and farther, scenes long familiar reminded him of his childhood.

Again the counsel of the Abbot of Marienberg recurred to his mind, and his heart grew heavy in his bosom. But he would not yield to the melancholy feelings that oppressed him. Once he paused to gather a wild rose, half opened, which he fastened in his gray hat. And then he threw it away as suddenly as he had plucked it, saying:

"A few days since, my dear father was buried and I am wearing flowers. Away with it." He dropped the delicate blossom in the dust of the road and as he put on his hat again, a new thought came to his mind.

"Alas," he said. "It is like the little rose of my Laret home that I have also thrown aside." And so he went on his way, sighing deeply from time to time.

At that same hour Rosa was walking arm in arm with her friend Philomena through the cemetery near the church. They had both gone to early Mass, and were now about to visit the newly-made grave. Philomena had already told her friend that her brother had gone early that morning into the Tyrol to find a shepherd. Rosa had heard the news silently, and now, as they knelt beside the grave of Jan von Laret, tears flowed from the eyes of both.

(To be continued)

### Charms

(Continued from page 315)

a charm supposed to catch a man!" There was not coquetry in the remark, just explanation. The young chap remained quiet. Something more had to be said. Well, even so, this was better than the boys she had known who said pert, clever things that had to be matched. With a daring catch in her voice, she said, "Like catching a bird! Salt on his coat tails, you know!"

At that they both laughed and a few minutes later "Nasturtium" himself was shaking salt from Cathy O'Brien's left slipper.

\* \* \* \* \*

A year later Mrs. O'Brien tied the same slipper to the rear of the car that started Cathy upon her honeymoon trip. Stubbornly she refused to meet the sternly disapproving eye of Father Reading. In an aside she murmured to her amused husband, "I'm not saying that there is anything to charms, but I'm not saying that there isn't either!"

### Abbey and Seminary

—September was a real autumn month with cold nights and killing frosts, while October brought us summer heat and "April showers."

—October 7 was band day. Notices of the coming event had been posted in conspicuous places in surrounding towns and hamlets to inform the public. Many visitors came to hear the band and incidentally to help the cause along by satisfying the desires of the inner man at the various stands that had been set up for the refreshment of the visitors. The day was beautiful and just hot enough to create a thirst for the tempting cold drinks that could not offend the most ardent teetotaler. Bandmaster Father John was highly gratified with the success of the affair which netted for the treasury \$260. This will be expended in the purchase of new instruments that are needed for the band.

—Rev. Jos. W. Connors, A. F. M., of Pittsfield, Mass., while on his way to San Francisco to set sail for Japan, stopped over to address the two units of the Students' Mission Crusade in the Seminary. Father Connors is a member of the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Society.

—Forty Hours Devotion, with nocturnal adoration for the monastery and the seminary, was held from Oct. 12 to 14 inclusive.

—The Daughters of Isabella, to the number of 150, who had just concluded a state convention at West Baden, made a brief visit at St. Meinrad on the afternoon of Oct. 14. A short organ recital with several numbers of sacred music by the St. Gregory Chancel Choir furnished the entertainment. After a tour of inspection the ladies departed in the automobiles that brought them. Chief among the group were Mrs. Mayme R. Koerner, regent of the Jasper Circle; State Regent Mrs. Lillian M. O'Day; National Regent, Mrs. Mary E. Booth, of New Haven, Conn.

—Leo Dreckman, who completed the classical course in our Preparatory Seminary in '23, and then went to Rome for philosophy and theology, was ordained early this fall. After the present school year he will return to Louisville.

—Scarcely two weeks had elapsed since the death of Father Joseph, on Sept. 20, when the angel of death swooped down upon our community again and caught up another veteran, Father Alexander Burkart, O. S. B., who answered the final summons on Oct. 5. Although he was somewhat feeble, and had been unable to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the past few months, death came rather unexpectedly. The evening previous he took supper with the community and attended the public October devotions and Complin. Early in the forenoon of the following day it was deemed wise to administer extreme unction. At one o'clock in the afternoon death claimed its victim. The funeral was held on Monday, Oct. 8. Following the Office of the Dead, which was chanted in choir, Father Abbot celebrated a Pontifical Requiem. The burial services in the cemetery were conducted by Father Prior. Father Alexander was born in Baden, at Ebringen near Freiburg, on Sept. 10, 1850. At the age of

twenty-three he entered the novitiate at St. Meinrad; on Dec. 24, 1874, he consecrated himself to God by the vows of religion, and on Feb. 8, 1880, he received holy orders. The years of his sacred ministry were spent for the most part in the discharge of parochial duties in various parishes of our immediate neighborhood. R. I. P.

—Rev. Francis X. Havelburg, the son of a Jewish Rabbi and a convert to the Faith, whose name appears among the students of second year theology in the catalog of St. Meinrad Seminary for the year '88-'89, died in Europe recently. At the beginning of the World War Father Havelburg went to Vienna to do relief work. After the war he was appointed chaplain of the children's hospital at Johannistal near Suechteln in the Rhineland, where he passed away. R. I. P.

### Book Notices

From the Christopher Publishing House, Boston:

*Seed Thoughts.* By Edward J. Conklin; price: \$1.50 net.—As the seed sown will produce flowers or fruits, as the case may be, so also these seed thoughts touching various topics will cause thinking. Thus they will produce new thoughts and also lead to the practice of the good they will awake in us.

*Outposts of Civilization.* By W. A. Chalfant; price: \$2.50 net.

The reader is taken to the land of gold and into the mining camps. He views the life of the period—middle of last century—not as fiction writers depict it, but it is an authentic record of fact. It is interesting from beginning to end.

*The Itinerant's Daughter* (by James L. Roberts; price: \$1.50 net) was written by the "Itinerant" who for twenty-eight years traveled as a minister in the Missouri conference and saw this "Daughter," from whose life this story is taken, grow from babyhood to womanhood. It depicts the family life somewhat different from one's own life. Many will find it very interesting.

*Serious Unconventionalities* (by Philena R. Peabody-Lloyd; price: \$2.50 net) is a collection of personal notes which were not intended for publication. The author calls them "passing impressions" from which she draws her conclusions. They are original, but the reader will not always agree with the conclusions.

*Health and Success for You.* By Elinor S. Moody; price: \$1.50 net.

Those who are interested in the "New Thought" system will find a practical exposition of the same in this book. It is surprising how a man with intellect can be convinced of such ideas and follow them out in practical life.

*Iscariot.* By Walter Farnham; price: \$1.50 net.

The author shows in this story the gradual descent of a human soul from perfection to the foulest depths of depravity. He depicts the ease of the downward steps from great heights to unimaginable depths. A. B.

*Along the Mission Trail—In China.* By Bruno Hag-spiel, S. V. D. Mission Press, S. V. D., Techy, Illinois. Price: \$2.00.

The title is significant and is justified by the contents. Friends of the missions will read it with great benefit and joy, while those that are as yet indifferent will become friends and benefactors of the missions when they are informed of the labours, hardships, and struggles of the missionary. May this book find many readers and friends of the missionary. A. B.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## The Alluring Path

### CHAPTER IV—TEMPERAMENT

IT was eight of the morning, and the studio telephone had been ringing for nearly fifteen minutes. Lucilla at last stirred restlessly on the day-bed, stretched her arms, rubbed her eyes, yawned, and then suddenly became aware of the bell. Leaping up, she crossed the room and took the receiver off the hook.

"Hello?" It was Ted.

"Hello, dear! What's the matter? Couldn't raise you." Lucilla laughed.

"Have you been ringing long? I just woke up."

"I never knew you to sleep that soundly at home. Must agree with you down there. What time did you get in?"

"Oh—" between yawns, "two-thirty or thereabouts."

"Feeling all right?"

"Not very well; I've a headache."

"Better come home and rest up to-day. No sense in overdoing things, you know."

"Oh, but I can't."

"Why not? You're your own boss, aren't you?"

"Yes, and my own greatest taskmaster." Ted clicked his tongue in deprecation.

"You geniuses are awful—or is the plural *genii*?"

"I'm sure I don't know; too tired to look it up."

"Well, I'll call around for you at noon. How about it?"

"Very well."

She plugged in the percolator and made herself some very strong coffee, thinking it might drive off the headache and settle the nausea that she felt gradually creeping upon her. Having drunk it, she lay down again. But she could not rest. Thoughts came and went, took on new and brilliant forms, and began weaving themselves in and out of their own accord into a plot. By and by her cheeks flushed, her eyes followed back and forth the pattern of the faded ceiling paper, and her hands began unconsciously to rub themselves together. The characters and personalities she had met the night before had left their impress upon her mind, and she only waited long enough for her churning thoughts to complete the intricate plot they had begun. Then she leaped up, uncovered her typewriter, and having thrown on a dainty dressing gown, hastily bathed her face and

brushed her hair, that she might not be taken unawares if a visitor came.

Soon the keys were clicking briskly, and she went on with scarce a pause until nearly ten o'clock, when someone knocked. Rising, she unlocked the door, aware, as she did so, that her headache had grown to disturbing proportions. It was Thelma, bleary-eyed and dishevelled.

"Why, hello, sweetness," was her airy greeting. "Just after a party and dainty as a rose!"

"But scarcely feeling like one."

"Why? Feel badly?"

"Beastly headache."

"You don't look it."

"One doesn't at twenty-five."

"Say! I want to know something. Why did you run away on me last night? Everyone wanted to know why you left so early."

"I'll say it was early. Two-thirty or thereabouts." Thelma continued to regard her friend quizzically.

"What was the trouble? Getting too raw for you?" Lucilla laughed, unwilling to express her opinion.

"You know, the crowd felt kind of funny, with you running off like that. They sort of felt that it was a reflection on them."

"I'm sorry. But the fact is, I saw Larry coming with—well, with the gleam of battle in his eye. So I slipped out." Thelma made a grimace.

"Hm! What were you afraid of? Larry wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Perhaps not, but—all my life I've hated anyone who—took more than he could stand."

"Getting high-hat, aren't you?" Lucilla looked at her friend uncertainly. Then something flamed up.

"No; not at all. But I have my self-respect."

"Ah, the poor boy didn't mean any harm. That was no way for you to act—and it was his party too."

"I can't help it, Thelma. I would do the same thing again if I were placed in the same circumstances."

"I never knew you could be so snobbish, Cil. Larry is all cut up about it. Besides, your action reflected on all of us, myself included."

"Well, you know it wasn't on your account I left, so that leaves you out."

"But they are all my friends, and that's the same thing."

"Thelma, do I have to sit and listen to a lot of 'mush' from a fellow whom I've only met two or three times? He ought to know better. He even called me by my first



name. And he knows I am married." Thelma's eyes narrowed and her lips straightened into a thin line.

"My, but we're goody-goody! I wonder if your husband is as careful as all that? You—"

"Stop!" cried Lucilla. "Don't you dare insinuate anything about my husband! He is a good man, and wild horses couldn't make him look at another woman!"

Thelma laughed—a low, mocking laugh.

"They couldn't, eh? You neglect him and leave him alone—how do you know what he is doing on the nights when you sleep here?" Lucilla flushed scarlet, stared at Thelma like one who had seen a frightful vision, and slowly rose out of her chair.

"Thelma Martens, you leave this room! And never let me lay eyes on you again! Do you hear me?" Thelma, who had been lazily lounging on the edge of the day-bed, now opened her eyes in surprise, arose, and seemed to grow pale. Then, without a word, she took a package of cigarettes from her bosom, coolly lit one, and threw the match into the grate.

"Oh, very well, Madame!" she replied, as with one hand on her hip, she slowly walked out of the room with what bravado she could muster. Slamming Lucilla's door, she walked across the hall, opened her door, and slammed that too, locking it after her. For a moment she stood like a stone image in the center of the room, slowly puffing at the cigarette. Then she suddenly dashed it to the floor, ground it savagely with her heel, and flung herself face down upon her bed. In a few moments her shoulders were heaving, and deep sobs racked her bosom. She had not meant to precipitate a quarrel, but they had both been overstrung and tired; the one suffering from a distracting headache, the other hardly knowing what she said, her wits still being at loose ends. She had loved Lucilla in her queer Bohemian way, and had prized the friendship above all things. Now it was all over; what was wrong with her tongue? Why had she let it run away from her like that? In her lonely life a friend like Lucilla meant much to her, and she felt that she could ill afford to lose her. She remembered that Lucilla had always been patient with her careless, slouchy ways, had lent her money, had helped her out a hundred different times—and yet, she, Thelma, had not scrupled to insult her best friend!

By and by she arose, bathed her eyes, and then seated herself beside the table, which was still littered with the remnants of her breakfast. There she sat and brooded for nearly an hour, absent-mindedly turning a toothpick over and over on the bare table top. The battered alarm clock on her dresser pointed to the half hour after eleven when on a sudden impulse she arose, unlocked her door, and hurried softly across to Lucilla's room. Very softly and humbly she knocked. No answer. Again, this time harder. All was quiet within; putting her ear to the panel, she could discern no movement. Once more she knocked, and, receiving no response, her head sank onto her breast, and with lagging steps she returned to her room.

What could she expect? she asked herself bitterly. To Lucilla this neighborhood and its denizens were as

foreign as some other country! Lucilla had tolerated her, Thelma, and her unkempt ways, her impositions and freedoms long enough; this was the straw that broke the camel's back. Catching her reflection in the glass, she frowned at herself, hated herself, called herself twenty kinds of a fool. Then her hatred spread to the tawdry room and all its untidy litter—its unmade bed, its table full of soiled, unwashed dishes, its dirty, unswept excuse of a carpet, all the tools of her artist's trade. In the corner stood an easel with a portrait but half finished; she had no sitters. It had been made from memory. She had been eking out a living by accepting various kinds of decorating jobs, and she suddenly hated all of it. She could bear the room no longer; she must get out or suffocate. So, dressing hastily, she let herself out and down to the street, to walk, somewhere, anywhere, among the crowds, that she might forget her grief and unhappiness.

#### CHAPTER V—VISITORS

After Thelma had left Lucilla's room, the latter found that her anger and agitation had augmented her headache and nausea to such a degree that the room began to turn about dizzily before her eyes. So she lay flat on her back on the day-bed, thinking this might relieve it; but soon the throbbing and sickness became unbearable, so, after searching her drawer and purse in vain for aspirin, she took the receiver into her trembling hand and called her husband.

"Dear, would it be too much trouble for you to come up and take me home? I'm ghastly ill." Immediately Ted's anxious voice came over the wire.

"Now what did I tell you? I knew it. No, it won't be the least trouble. Shall I bring you anything from the drug store on the way?"

"Yes, aspirin, and, for goodness sake, hurry!" For the room was going around in circles, and a frightful weakness was overcoming her, so that she was beginning to be afraid that she might faint. Quickly throwing on her street dress, and placing her hat on a chair within easy reach, she lay down again, gasping with pain, to wait for Ted. He arrived in less than fifteen minutes, administered the aspirin, and then half carried her down the dusty, creaky stairs to the car at the curb. Leaning her head back upon the cushions, she hoped the motion of the car would not increase her illness. Now and then she groaned and closed her eyes, and Ted kept looking at her anxiously.

"See," he said with loving reproach, "had you come home at once this morning like I told you to, this might not have happened."

"Oh, it's really nothing, dear; just one of my sick headaches. I haven't had one for a long time, so I've almost forgotten how it feels. It's miserable enough though while it lasts."

"How was the party?" he asked between traffic signals.

"Oh," she laughed faintly, "I had a glorious time, only—towards last it was getting a little too glorious—

so I slipped out." He looked at her, amused, and shook his head.

"I was afraid it would be a little raw," was his comment.

"Oh, they were all as nice as could be, only they are a trifle unconventional." She mentioned nothing of her quarrel with Thelma; in fact, Ted did not know of her existence. "What did you do all evening?" continued Lucilla.

"I tried to read, but found it stupid. So went over to the club and moped and smoked and played a rubber of bridge; but it was a beastly bore. I would much rather have spent it with you." He arched his brows at her, and she tried to smile back through her pain.

"You've neglected your old friends a long time. Don't you enjoy being with them once in awhile?" He pursed his lips.

"They mean nothing to me. You've taken away all their flavor."

"I think you ought to keep up your old friendships." But he shook his head in distaste.

"Why should I? I don't feel the need of them. I have *you*.—By the way, Sister Emma will arrive tomorrow morning with the kiddies. I hope you will be fully recovered by that time. Of course, you can stay in bed if you're not well enough to get up; she won't mind." Lucilla sighed and looked away, too weak to protest. "And another thing," he continued. "While she is here, I want you to lay off work and stay at home about two weeks or so. You need a vacation badly."

"Waste all that time?"

"Well, does it matter a great deal if your book comes out a week or two later? I think your health ought to have some consideration."

"Very well, if you insist," she surrendered, closing her eyes.

When they reached home, Lucilla went to bed at once, and Ted lingered around anxiously until the maid had done everything he suggested, and then, feeling Lucilla was as comfortable as possible, he returned to his office, with the injunction that she call him if she needed anything. But as the day wore on, Lucilla grew worse instead of better, and by evening Ted decided to call the doctor.

"Your wife is perilously close to a nervous breakdown," he told Ted, after making an examination. "What's she been doing lately?" Ted told him about her writing and incessant application, and the medical man shook his head.

"She'll have to give it up for awhile. She must stay in bed and keep absolutely quiet, and when she is better, you had better send her to the mountains for a spell. Some quiet place where she can rest—no social obligations or anything." Ted nodded approvingly.

"I've been warning her right along," he replied. "But she has a little will of her own and will not listen."

Lucilla, frightened up a bit, docilely obeyed all her husband's injunctions, and took everything like an obedient child. Her sister-in-law, Emma, came next day, and insisted on taking the rôle of nurse, while the chil-

dren spent most of the time outdoors, and were tolerably quiet. She proved herself very capable, and under her wise ministrations, Lucilla began feeling like her old self again. But when the latter wanted to rise from her bed on the first morning that she felt better, Emma firmly but quietly forbade her to do so.

"But, Emma, I feel perfectly all right now, and it is absolutely silly for me to be lying here doing nothing."

"That's just it, my dear; you *should* lie still and do nothing. That is the whole cure. You see, you have been overdoing, and if you were to go back and start doing the same thing before you were entirely strong, you would get a worse breakdown than ever. Really Lu, I can't quite see your object in working yourself to death and breaking down your health like that. Why don't you just take life easy and enjoy Ted's money? He doesn't want you to do it, I know."

"Well, I can't see my way clear to fritter away my time on a lot of useless teas and luncheons and calls on persons I don't really care about. I think life ought to have an object, and I feel that I have a message to speak to the world."

"If you die, the world will have to get along without your message, won't it? Have you thought of that?"

"That is too selfish a thought to consider for a moment. When one has a mission in this world, one doesn't think of self!" Lucilla meant this as a proper rebuke to one whose thoughts, she felt, never rose above the material. But Emma, if fat, forty, and "grossly material" in her sister-in-law's opinion, held some eminently sensible views.

"Besides, you have Ted to consider," she continued, unperturbed. "You owe *him* something, you know."

"I mean to be independent of Ted's money some day, if that's what you mean."

"How foolish! Why did you marry him then? You might just as well have remained single."

"Oh no; I couldn't remain single after having met *him*!" Her smile was tender and reminiscent. "Besides, I didn't marry him for his money, you know. I would have gone on working, of course, if I hadn't married him, and I can't see why I shouldn't keep on working now if I feel like it."

Emma shook her head. These modern young ladies were beyond her ken; in her time, one married, settled down to home duties, babies and simple domestic pleasures. She could not understand these restless, dissatisfied present-day women who found the things of home stupid, eschewed everything that savored of responsibility or sacrifice, relegated house, children, and husband to the care of servants, and played about with some superficial employment in which they pretended to be intensely serious.

A few days later the doctor permitted Lucilla to rise and walk about the room a little, and, attracted by the queer noises outside, she went to the window to see what was going on. Emma, who had been quietly crocheting, now rose and joined her. The noises she heard were proceeding from her husband, who was having the time of his life with "the kids." He raced them on the lawns, played baseball with them, arranged min-

ature prize fights, got down on all fours to be young Lester's horse, pretended to eat hay, tried to drink water from a large bucket at Lester's bidding, and it was his neighing that had brought Lucilla inquiring to the window.

"Well, did you ever see anything so ridiculous?" she laughed.

"Did you ever see a man love children so much?" asked Emma.

"He is always that way. Every time he sees a child, he makes a clown of himself." Emma looked at her sister-in-law reproachfully.

"He really ought to have some of his own. Other men have children and scarcely notice them; Ted loves them and hasn't any." She shook her head and sighed. "It's the wrong way around." Lucilla felt the dig keenly and felt her wrath rising.

"Emma, that's between myself and him. No one else has the right to judge." Emma shrugged, unconvinced.

"Maybe so. But I should think you'd want to give him the greatest happiness possible, just like he satisfies every wish of yours." Lucilla's heart secretly reproached her, but she turned a deaf ear.

"We won't speak of it, if you please," she replied coldly.

(To be continued)

### The Value of Holy Mass

Did we but know the tremendous value of the Mass, we would not let a day slip by without availing ourselves of this treasure house of riches. How easy it is for many of us to attend daily Mass, yet, we let the opportunity go by for one reason or another. A saintly writer gives us a list of the treasures we gain by hearing Mass:

"Every Mass heard will go with you to judgment and plead for you.

"You diminish the temporal punishment due to sin, according to your fervor.

"The power of Satan over you is diminished.

"One Mass heard during life is of more benefit than many heard for you after your death.

"You are preserved from grievous sorrows and misfortunes.

"You shorten your purgatory.

"You are blessed in your temporal goods and affairs.

"You afford the souls in purgatory the greatest relief."

Besides, you pile up for yourself a storehouse of merit, which causes your prayers to be the more easily heard when you want something very badly. Many are the tales that might be told of our Lord's tender protection to those who hear Mass daily, or often in the week. It was revealed to a saint that a certain man who died, went straight to Heaven without purgatory, because he never missed a day at Mass.

Are we too modern to go to Mass daily? Do we think it old-fashioned, or to sanctimonious, or a pastime for old grandmothers and grandfathers who have nothing else to do anyway and will soon die? Are we too engrossed in affairs of the world, in gayeties, in house-

hold cares and entertainings, and fashionable comings and goings?

Alas, death comes to all, as we are reminded in this month of the poor souls, and then, what good will all our ultra-modernity, our fashionableness, our up-to-dateness in the world of fashion do us? Why not place our Lord's name upon our calling list, and make the very first call on *Him* each morning? If a king of earth were holding court near by us, and we had access to him, would we not make every effort to be presented to him?

A certain poor woman, who had been smitten in sorrow, took to attending daily Mass; afterward she admitted that she would never be able to remain away again. It seemed, she said, that the Lord laid His hand tenderly on her heart each morning and soothed away all her pain. It is worth trying, isn't it?

And our loved ones who have gone before; how our minds and hearts follow them! How we long still to show them our love and devotion even beyond the grave! Trimming up the grave will not do it; hanging garlands on their cherished pictures will not do it. BUT HEARING DAILY MASS WILL! If we haven't the money for many Mass stipends, it costs nothing to go to church daily and hear it for our loved ones. After death, it is said, all the souls whom we have helped by our prayers will be present to plead for us at our judgment. Do you think the Lord will turn a deaf ear to them? Ah, no, they are extremely dear and precious to Him. Then why not "make hay while the sun shines"—hear all the Masses we can, daily if possible, and "line our path with souls" who will escort us to Heaven on that last day of our lives, which we ought always to have in mind.

### Household Hints

Now is the time to put a dressing of fertilizer over your lawn. Pierce the lawn all over with a spading fork first, then spread fertilizer over. This permits the rain and snow to drain through the fertilizer down into the holes in the lawn, thus reaching the roots of the grass.

Beating is most important in making frosting. If not beaten enough, frosting will run and be sticky; if too much, it will dry and crack. Stop beating the moment the frosting will hold its shape when beater is lifted.

Lemon juice and salt will remove mildew stain; expose to sun and renew lemon and salt until stain has disappeared. Tomato juice and salt will do the work if no lemon is on hand.

Red ink stains may be removed with ammonia and water; sometimes boiling water poured on the spot will remove it at once.

Slightly salt the fat in which you fry fish. It will improve the flavor.

Varnish radiators after gilding. They will not catch dirt so easily and can readily be washed.

Polish that tarnished brass bed with gasoline polish, and re-lacquer.

To keep the hands from chapping, wash first with warm water, then rinse with cold. This closes the pores. If they chap in spite of this treatment, have handy a jar of the following homemade cream: Take  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of honey and stir into two egg yolks. Add slowly  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint of almond oil, and work in  $\frac{1}{8}$  pint of almond meal. Perfume by adding a few drops of attar of clover and attar of bergamot. You can make more by doubling the amount. Keep an old pair of gloves for use at night. Rub cream on hands and wear the gloves every night at retiring.

Throw coffee grounds and tea leaves on your flower beds; they are excellent fertilizers, especially when dug under and allowed to rot. One lady had wonderful roses by throwing potato peelings and other kitchen refuse in the pit before planting, and mixing with earth.

Put a bit of cotton into the tips of the fingers of your rubber gloves and your nails will not puncture the rubber.

### Recipes

**HAM AND OYSTER PLANT CUSTARD:** Mince some ham, enough to make a cupful, and slice one bunch of oyster plant, after first having boiled until tender in salted water. Place layers of the oyster plant and ham in baking dish, and pour over custard mixture made of three eggs and one cup milk, seasoned with salt and pepper, and well beaten. Bake in moderate oven until custard has set.

**USES FOR OLD CAKE:** Toast stale sponge cake, butter upper side, and serve with a tablespoon or two of preserved fruit poured over the top.

Cut in inch cubes and frost in colored frostings, chocolate, or roll in cocoanut. A dainty tidbit to serve to callers with tea.

Soak old cake in milk, mash, add two eggs, raisins and flavoring, and bake in custard cups.

### Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 322)

#### Another Fire

As if one fire was not enough, another has been added to make the cross almost unbearably heavy on poor Father's shoulders. The mission barn was burned down, and two cows and three calves were lost in the fire. This series of setbacks, disappointments and calamities is telling on his health, for he is not very well just now, due to worry and anxiety about all these troublous matters. Let us pray to our dear Lord to give him strength and improved health to go on with his wonderful work. He has been asking for an assistant priest, to lighten the labors of his very large mission, but none is to be had at present. Let us pray that our Lord will send him a helper. And let us send him a mite every now and then, so that he need not be so anxious about the matter of funds.

Good Father Sylvester, always on the alert to help where help is most needed, saw how ill Father Ambrose looked, and came to relieve him a little by taking forty-four children in his big truck, a picture of which we print, with the children lined up beside it. It worries the missionary greatly when he cannot take care of all

the little ones who look up to him so eagerly, and Father Sylvester, with his school already loaded up, is going to try to find room for these forty-four somehow, knowing he will thus lighten the load on Father Ambrose's heart a little.

### Beadwork Bureau

Don't forget to order your Christmas present from us. Our beadwork articles are expertly made by experienced Indian beaders, and you are helping them to make an honest living by purchasing them. There are handbags at \$2.50, (buckskin, beaded,) coin purses at 50¢, woven necklaces at \$1.00, perfumed seed necklace at 50¢, 1 graduated amber bead necklace at \$1.00, jet mourning beads, 50¢, adult moccasins, (give size of foot in inches) \$2.00, children's, (6- and 8-inch) \$1.50; babies' sizes, 75¢ and \$1.00. Doll moccasins, (very cunning) 3-inch 50¢, small, 25¢. Flower holders 50¢. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.



### When Disaster Rides the Skies

The poster which Chapters of the American Red Cross will display throughout the country from November 11 to 29, inviting the people to join the Red Cross for another year, symbolizes the services of relief and rehabilitation provided by the "Greatest Mother" when disaster strikes. Throughout the past year the Red Cross has been engaged continually in disaster relief work at home and has extended assistance in many catastrophes abroad. The poster was painted by Cornelius Hicks.



-:- Dr. Helen's Consulting Room -:-

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

Dr. H. "Well, Annie, how do you like sleeping on the porch?"

Annie. "Just fine, Doctor, I would not go into the house for anything now. Mother sleeps on the porch with me and she likes it too. She says she is not so tired when she wakens in the morning."

Dr. H. "Did Dad get you the goat?"

Annie. "Oh, yes, and I just love goat's milk. I have my own little can and mother puts gauze over the top of it and we milk it right into it, and mother is awfully particular about scalding out the can and the gauze she scalds too. She says that little germs might make nests in these things and poison me when I drink the milk. I got another hen so I would be sure to have an egg every day, and they are both mine. The oldest one is Peggie, and the last one I got is Tillie. I eat a raw carrot every day and that is why my cheeks are getting a little color, and you should see my chart—no fever for three weeks! Dad says that it beats the world."

Dr. H. "How are your other pets? How's the cat?"

Annie. "Oh, the cat has four kittens, two black ones, and a black and white one, and a gray one. She carries them round by the necks, and one day she carried them into my bed."

Dr. H. "Now that was a smart cat. She knew that you liked her babies. You are gaining quite a little, Annie. You have lots to say, and that is a very good sign. What have you on your mind, Mrs. Rackham?"

Mrs. R. "I am very worried, Doctor. I know Annie is picking up, but I am afraid of letting her go back to school."

Mr. R. "That's the wife, always complaining. Why shouldn't she go to school? She's gaining every day."

Dr. H. "Your wife seems to have a good understanding of Annie's condition. She is very much better, but everything has been in her favor. It was a good season with few sudden changes, and your wife has made an excellent nurse, and Annie has been a very good patient, but she is far from being strong, and I do not feel that she can go to school this winter, neither should she be shut up in the house."

Mr. R. "She can't go to school and she can't live in the house and she can't live out of the house. Where in the Lord's name can she live?"

Dr. H. "We are just coming to that. You have done so splendidly by Annie all summer, and she has done so well that I am going to ask you to send her to a milder climate where she can continue her outdoor life all winter."

Mr. R. "So that's what you had up your sleeve. It wasn't costing us anything to speak of in medicine or anything all summer and now you are going to put this bill on us. Sure, you know that Annie is too small a child to go off by herself."

Dr. H. "I know it. So her mother will have to go with her."

Mr. R. "That is the height of nonsense. The wife wouldn't think of it. She was never away from home since we were married. She'd die of homesickness and lonesomeness."

Dr. H. "Well, that is the proposition, and you can settle it between yourselves. You made a good many boasts of how much money you would spend to make Annie well, now let me see a showdown on this matter. The child is beginning to show that with good care she may overcome the disease, and I think it cruel of you to not give her a chance."

Mr. R. "There is nothing cruel about me. I'd do

anything for Annie, but it seems just like it can't be done. That woman never was out of the house."

Dr. H. "Well, don't you think it high time she did have a little vacation? Don't you think a little rest, a little change, would do her good?"

Mr. R. "She never complained."

Dr. H. "That was her worst sin against herself. She never complained, so you never thought of planning anything for her pleasure, but we will not talk about that. You can settle that matter between yourselves."

#### QUESTION BOX

**Ques.** Should mothers nurse their babies?

**Ans.** They most assuredly should. Nothing excuses a mother from nursing her baby except the presence of some wasting disease. Furthermore the nursing of her baby is the finest kind of welfare work, for it is a great contribution to the health of a future citizen. This is in answer to a woman who writes that the nursing of her child limits her activities in "welfare work."

**Ques.** Is eighteen too young to marry?

**Ans.** Now you have asked me something that should be propounded to the Sphinx, for nobody expects her to answer.

Eighteen is very young to make such a momentous decision, and yet we doubt if the years add much wisdom in an affair that is one of sentiment rather than reason. However, older people cannot help feeling sorry when they see the burden of life laid on the shoulders of a girl of eighteen. I think I am safe in saying this much, that increasing years seldom add to the married happiness of the contracting parties.

**Ques.** Is it good to drink water?

**Ans.** It is good to drink plenty of pure, fresh water, but, like a lot of other good things, it can be made a fad of and really become injurious. There is a rough and ready saying that we should drink two quarts of water in the twenty-four hours. That includes all beverages taken that are of a watery nature, as milk, tea, coffee, etc.

*(Continued from page 325)*

#### Exchange Smiles

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?

Are there springs in an ocean's bed

Can you bring relief to a window pane?

What sort of vegetable is a policeman's beat?—Ex.

"Well, son, how do you like the new sister we got for you?"

"Aw, shucks, dad!" exclaimed Willie, who wanted a radio set, "there's a lot o' things I needed worse'n a baby."

On hearing her father and mother speak about going to *Cedar Rapids*, a town in a neighboring state, a little three-and-a-half-year-old miss spoke up, saying: "Mamma, I don't want to go to see the rabbits, I want to see the squirrels."

Here lie the bones of Wilbur Wump  
Who drove too fast and hit a bump,  
And left the road ere he could jump,  
And wrapped his car around a stump.  
Remains are at the city dump—  
The car, not Wump.—Ex.



2581



2594



2577



3219



2544



2597



3409



2590



2596



2770



2581 2594 2577 3409 2590



2596 2770 3219 2544 2597